

Common Ground

Letter to Germany Pearl Buck

TOTAL EQUALITY, AND HOW TO GET IT

Stetson Kennedy

"FOR A KINDER RACE . . ." Helen Papashvily

I CAN TAKE IT—BUT SHOULD I HAVE TO?

A Jewish American

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: ERSATZ MYTHOLOGY

Carey McWilliams

PEACE CONFERENCE IN AN AMERICAN TOWN

Langston Hughes

THE COLLEGE—AN ACTIVE SOCIAL AGENT

Algo D. Henderson

EQUAL JOB OPPORTUNITY Malcolm Ross

THE "DISLOYAL" AT TULE LAKE G. Eleanor Kimble

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The COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY has the following purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American life.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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LETTER TO GERMANY

PEARL S. BUCK

THIS morning as I sat at my desk a man came in and asked me if I would write something for people in Germany. He was a good man as well as a good American, and I did not wish to refuse him. Yet it seemed to me he had asked an impossible thing. For me to write something especially for people in Germany seemed too difficult, and this for a very simple reason. I do not know Germany. Once, many years ago, when I was only seventeen years old, I spent a few days in Berlin. A few more days I spent in traveling over the beautiful countryside. But I do not speak or even read German, and so I could not understand what people said or ask them questions. To travel in a country and not know how to speak with the people is to be crippled and half blind. One only sees, and merely to see is not enough!

Of course, like many other persons not German, I had for years before this war read everything I could find about Germany's people. Many of us were aware of something growing in Germany which we could not understand, and which we feared because it seemed to us evil and dangerous. We thought this not because it was German, but because we know evil is possible in any country, since it is inherent in mankind. I talked the other

day with an American just back from Germany, and he had visited some of the places where people have been wantonly killed. He said, "All the time I was looking at these horrible cruelties I kept thinking that it was exactly the sort of thing that would have happened in our own country if we had let our own gangsters get into power. If they had been in Washington and in the White House, they would have killed our Jews and Negroes and all the people who opposed them. But we put them into jail instead."

But the reason they are in jail instead of in power is because some good people relentlessly opposed them and insisted that they be deprived of power. Had the good people remained passive, it might have been very different in our country, too.

It is therefore with a deep sense of humility that I write to people in Germany. We have been fortunate in our country that we have been able to restrain the evil men we have, and to keep them from getting power over our nation. But this has been done, insofar as we have accomplished it, only by the most constant struggle on the part of good people. I am sure this is true in all nations. It is part of the evil in evil men that they wish

to have power over others in order to have freedom for their own evil works, and it is part of the goodness in good people that they do not want power for themselves. The very instincts which make goodness what it is, the wish that all others should have their freedom and independence, the longing for peace, the readiness to believe what people say, the hope that men are better than they may be, these very instincts are the ones which make it easier for evil men to gain power.

Good men do not enjoy struggle. They hate contention and war. They want all people to live in friendliness and safety. But what good people must now realize is that while the sort of world they want is entirely possible, it is only possible at the cost of continual struggle and vigilance. Goodness is not yet established in the world. Until it is established among all people, none are safe, and none can live at ease.

When I hear of how evil men came into ascendancy in Germany, it seems to me that I can understand exactly how it happened. It could so easily happen. Most people enjoy not having to trouble themselves about government. It would be pleasant to have a government all powerful, if that government could be trusted also to be all good and all just. But, alas, men in governments are only men, and government itself is dangerous for any man in it. Only very good and great men can withstand the effects of power, and few are unchanged by these effects.

For this reason, we in America believe that men ought not to stay too long in power. The tenure of their office must be short, so that they are continually in the position of being employed by the people and not in power over the people. No man is strong enough or good enough to be the lifelong ruler of others.

I have lived in countries ruled by dic-

tators, and I have lived in my own country where we have no dictator. There is no doubt, there can be no doubt in any honest mind, as to where the people are happier. No people can be safe under dictatorship, even under benevolent dictatorship—if such a thing is possible. Only the imbecile could be content to know himself wholly subject. The thinking, rational, intelligent, industrious, average human being cannot long endure a government over himself in which he has no voice. He feels and smells and sees the danger with all his senses, when he knows his fate is beyond his own control. True, if the dictator is good, the people may enjoy for a brief space of time a perfect order, a full employment, a well-planned existence. But inevitably the end of these things must come, for a dictator cannot remain good. He has not remained good in any country, throughout history. But more than that, the people inevitably degenerate under dictatorship. They become supine and unthinking, or they become frustrated and sullen, as though the government were foreign. And indeed such government is foreign, as foreign as the rule of empire over a subject people. For people need to be self-governing. They develop only under self-government their powers of creation and invention and expression. No people have created a great art unless they were a free people, free to express their own will through their own government. Growth is the basis for human happiness, and freedom is necessary for growth.

But with freedom come responsibilities. In any free country there can be no hope of living without struggle. The struggle is basically between good people and bad people. There will be many shades and varieties of opinion, many wishes and conflicting desires. But majority rule, with full recognition of the minority, can provide for representation of the people's

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will in spite of varying opinions. No, the basic conflict in any democracy is not between party and party, religion and religion, color and color. It is between the good and the evil.

Today, while I think of the people of Germany in their present situation, it seems to me that all I have to say is summed up in this one sentence. The essential struggle in the world in this age, perhaps in every age, is between the good and the evil, who are to be found among all peoples. When the evil rise into power, then darkness falls, and the poison of those evil men, wherever they rise, spreads over the whole world. The evil forces in Nazism have strengthened the latent evil in men everywhere. That evil men could rise into power in one country has made all evil men more hopeful, more scheming. That good people in Germany did not prevent evil men from coming to power in their country has made the struggle against evil men more acute in all countries. Here in America the good people are having to work harder, be more zealous, more strong, more active, because the good people in Germany let the power pass from their hands into the hands of evil men.

Because evil men in Germany killed thousands of Jews, evil men are daring to behave more hatefully toward Jews in other countries. Because evil men in Germany declared that white men were a superior race, evil men everywhere are behaving with greater arrogance and cruelty toward the darker peoples. Because in Germany science was put to the tragic uses of death instead of being used for the preservation and betterment of life, evil men everywhere are more ruthless and ready to use science to kill the innocent.

I say these words not in bitterness, but in solemn self-warning. When good people in any country cease their vigilance and struggle, then evil men prevail. When

evil men prevail in any country, men like them are strengthened everywhere in the world. The responsibility lies upon the good people of every country.

I say these words not in pride or pretense that in my own country all is well. The struggle here between good and evil is very severe. It goes on in every part of our life, in the local government of our towns and cities and counties as well as in our national life and in our international relations. If I had to characterize our American life today, it would be by the one phrase, struggle between the good and the evil.

But our people are fortunate in two ways. We still hold, as a nation, the ideals of freedom and human equality, however far we are from achievement, and we still have the means of democratic government. That is, good is still accepted as the end and the aim of our life, and we are still free to try as hard as we can to put into practice what we believe.

Yes, we Americans are fortunate in these two ways. We know that what we want is that goodness which is a good life for all human beings, and we have the means of achieving what we want, because we are free to speak and to act as individuals. It is equally true that there are plenty of those in our country who care nothing for anyone except themselves, and who use freedom to work only for themselves. But the glorious thing about America is that the good are free to believe in justice and righteousness, and to act in ways which will make them prevail—that is, to see that good laws are made and that good men are put into power and evil men restrained. The means of goodness and justice are here, ready for good people to use.

But the means must be used, and this requires energy and vigilance and constant action. There can be no rest and no peace in this world now for good peo-

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ple. They must be up and awake and working, not only in individual countries and nations, but together throughout the world.

One of the great encouraging facts about humankind is that basically we have the same estimates of what makes a good human being. A good man in Germany is also a good man in America, and a good man in China is the same sort of a person that he is in Japan. So it is everywhere. There is a natural brotherhood of the good among all peoples, because the laws of goodness are simple. To be honest in mind and heart and soul, to speak the truth, to consider all human beings as equally worthy of happiness, to work so that life is a benefit to humanity and not a curse—goodness is simply these few things. There are such persons among all nations, and among all classes, among the learned and the ignorant.

We who believe in goodness cannot, therefore, be enemies to one another, whatever our language and nationality and race. It is not possible to condemn any whole people, because among all can be found the good. What can be condemned and must be condemned in any country is the failure of the good to be vigilant and to struggle against evil. When good people, out of their own wish to live at peace, or out of mistaken loyalty as patriots, allow evil men to rise to power in any particular spot upon the earth, then to that extent they deny their own faith. For the devotion of all good people to their common faith should and must be so sincere that they will warn one another of rising evil, even in their own land, so that good people elsewhere may bring their strength, too, to bear upon the local evil, wherever it is.

The world has become a neighborhood—we know that now. An evil condition in one part of that neighborhood affects all. A community life depends upon the

energy with which good people can attack evil, in whatever country it rises. A good man today is of necessity a good citizen of the world. He cannot be a good American or a good German unless he is also a good citizen of the world, because what he does as a good man in his own country changes the world also. When he fails in his own country, when he allows the evil to win, even for a brief space, a world is thrown into war and destruction.

So it is not as an American that I write today to the good people who are also Germans. I write as one human being to another. We who believe in goodness and in justice to all must join together in a citizenship which will be as vigilant for one land as another, because it is watchful for the welfare of all men.

I know there are many Americans who believe, as I do, that there are many people in Germany who, though they have been compelled to be silent during these evil years, still in their hearts hold their belief in the necessity of goodness as a basis for all human life.

Knowing this is true, it will be well to consider how to test men for good and evil. Undoubtedly in Germany Hitler rose to power with promises and even accomplishments which deceived good Germans, at least for a time. Here in my own country a petty dictator, who himself had ambitions as dangerous as Hitler's, said before he died, "Fascism could come here in the name of anti-fascism." Evil men are not so stupid as to announce their evil purposes and ends. With much talk they always declare these to be only good. Therefore it is the means they use which we must watch.

The spotlight of eternal vigilance must be continually kept first and always upon the question of freedom of speech. This

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includes, of course, the freedom of the press and radio and all the modern means for expression. Insofar as freedom for all citizens to speak their minds is curtailed, to that degree do evil men strengthen their power in any country. The burning of books in Germany cast a gloom over the entire civilized world. It was not that a pile of books meant so much. But we knew when that black news was sent over the continents that evil men had indeed risen to power in Germany. It was not only that it had happened in Germany. It was that wherever it happens, and it has happened many times in history, in many countries, it has always signified the same thing—that evil men have risen into the seats of power, and that good men may no longer speak.

For good men do not wish to silence other voices. They wish to allow freedom to all. They are not so confident that they themselves possess the whole truth. Whenever a man or a group of men are convinced, or announce, that their way is the only way, those men are fanatic or evil, and they must be watched, lest fanaticism and evil rise to power.

But it is strange how even good men, passionately eager for goodness to prevail, may forget that freedom of speech is the foundation stone for a good society. Here in America now we see such men, and we are in danger from them. Some are Germans, anti-fascist, zealous to do all they can to prevent here in our country, the rise of evil men to power. But in their very zeal they sometimes advocate methods of prevention which could only have been learned in a fascist country. Not aware that poison has entered into their own veins, they persuade us thus: "You who did not live through the rise of Hitler in Germany cannot understand how insidious it was. You do not know that some of the things now being said and written in America are the same

things that were said and written in Germany, and we believed them. You do not realize that it was the so-called liberals, the intellectuals, the great industrialists, who helped Hitler to rise. They ought to be prevented here from speaking. The government should be strong and forbid their appearance on public platforms and their articles should not be published. They should be suppressed and controlled."

"But," we reply, "this is not the American way of doing things. You must know that we believe in free speech."

But these men have lived for most of their lives in a fascist atmosphere, even while they opposed fascism, and they cannot understand that freedom is the American atmosphere, and that the average American citizen wants all points of view allowed, in order that he may have the freedom himself to speak and to make his own choice. He does not want his mental outlook limited or even protected. He would consider that tyranny, and it is tyranny.

Of course this makes the responsibility upon the good people here very heavy indeed. Where all men are allowed to speak, evil men will also speak, and the voices of the good must be more frequent and more clear than the voices of the evil. This the good must accept as their duty, since freedom cannot be used by some and not by others, if it is to remain true freedom.

And I would place as the next most important spot for vigilance the right of every person to a just trial, and that until he is given that trial he may not be held arbitrarily in prison. That is, every human being has the right to the freedom of his person, until a jury of his peers decides that for the welfare of others he must be confined. The shadow of Nazism crept darkly around the world when we heard that men and women were thrown into

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jails and concentration camps and killed by the thousands, without thought of fair trial, or if there were trial, then by trials that were a farce upon justice. The rights of human beings everywhere were weakened by that news, and good people sharpened their watchfulness in all countries because of what had happened openly in Germany.

Upon these two foundations, the freedom of a human being to speak his mind, and upon his freedom of person, should free men place supreme emphasis. For these two are essential for good people to possess if they are to maintain their struggle in the world. Even the good are lost when they cannot speak and when they are imprisoned and killed. Their voices are silenced.

It is to silence the good that evil men seek first of all to deny freedom of speech and the right to *habeas corpus*. To silence the voices of the good—how much of the time and energy of tyrants has gone into that effort! Ancient emperors of China and India and Egypt and Rome destroyed books and forbade the use of letters, decreed ignorance for the people and threw into jail the protesting, and killed those who would not yield up freedom. And in modern times the struggle goes on in all countries to some degree. Among subject peoples the empire rulers still throw the protesting voices into jail without trial and hold them there until they are too weak to be heard and until they die. Even among free peoples, such as my own, the struggle is very bitter. The evil seek always to silence the good, in order that their evil plans may proceed without hindrance.

Therefore the good must insist upon these two primary freedoms, in order that they may have the means of maintaining their struggle against the evil, and they must measure every government and every individual ruler by the extent to which

each one defends and allows freedom of speech and *habeas corpus*.

As an American, and a citizen of democracy, I tell you the truth—any country where people are free and independent and self-governing is always a country where there is struggle between good people and bad people. If there is not this struggle, then it means a tyrant rules, and the good people have lost. If the good people of Germany are dreaming of a country where they can have freedom and at the same time live without responsibility, then let them wake up from these fantastic dreams. There are no such happy isles of peace, there never were, there never will be. For to live without responsibility means that the welfare of the people has been taken out of the hands of good people, and has been put into the hands of the willful and the evil. A tyrant may have his moods of goodness, his moments of kindness, but there is no guarantee beyond his mood, or at best his life. To establish the habit of dictatorship in a nation is to put the people at the mercy of change. The man who seems good today may be evil tomorrow, or he may die and be replaced by an evil man. The only safety for the welfare of the whole people is to put into their own hands the control over their own government, the right to choose their rulers, the right to withdraw them when they are not good. These controls will not always be used well or wisely. But the greatest wisdom still remains with the people, who alone know whether what they have is good or not.

Strangers coming to America sometimes marvel at the poor quality of the men who may happen for the hour to be in our government. They doubt and question our slow democratic methods. What they do not understand is that our people are quite well aware of what is going on in our government, and they are watching

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what is being done and asking themselves whether they have chosen wisely and, if not, then making up their minds whom to choose the next time. Roosevelt remained our President for more years than any man before him, not because he was not opposed, for there were many who heartily hated him, but because the majority of our people believed that what he was doing was for the benefit of the most people. In spite of great efforts of even powerful and rich people to elect another in his place, our people steadily insisted on keeping Roosevelt. And it is disconcerting to peoples not accustomed to democracy to learn that when our President speaks internationally, the people will not stand by what he says if they feel he is not speaking for them. This may be troublesome to the diplomats, but it is sound for the people. The American people are invincibly opposed to putting their fate into the hands of one man or one group of men, and so ought all peoples to be afraid. In these days of barely beginning international relationships, this fear may cause some delays and difficulty, but if all peoples stand upon the same rights, then it will become important for peoples to know and understand one another better, and when that comes about, as it must if the peoples proceed to develop democracy and self-government, then we shall have the true basis for a real world relationship between nations. But Americans will not give up their own freedom, while waiting for other peoples to develop a similar freedom. Our nation is founded upon the freedom of its people.

I do not wish to praise unduly my own people. I do wish to say that we have found that freedom for the individual is our most valuable possession, and our good people know that whatever is lost, we must not lose this; for with the loss of freedom for the individual, all is lost

and evil men inevitably win the day.

I speak therefore to the good people in Germany, not with words of softness and comfort, not with reassurance and intimations of peace. For as the world is today, there is no peace possible for good people anywhere. The great war is on, not the war of militarists and soldiers, not a war that can be settled with bombs and guns, but the war between good and evil. Good people of Germany, you cannot lie down and sleep. You cannot take even an hour's rest. For the good everywhere need your strength and your vigilance and your determination added to theirs.

And if it is your duty to help good people everywhere, it is more than duty—it is also your opportunity. There are those who say there are no good people in Germany. But we know there are good people in every country, and now is the time for those in Germany to come forward and take their place in the struggle. And in the same measure in which they take their place in Germany, they take it in the world. The hope for Germany among the nations depends upon the measure in which her good people can at this moment come forward and rally themselves to those standards which all good people accept for their own.

I close this letter to you with these lines written by Hermann Hagedorn, an American whose roots were in Germany. He is one of the good people here.

SONG FOR THE GOOD

*Give me your hand!
We have been strangers, you and I.
By more than wastes of sea and sand,
Each from the other walled and banned.
Give me your hand.*

*Together now beneath a stormy sky,
Strangers no more but friends we stand.
Give me your hand.*

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We need each other, you and I,
Even as the holy flame whipped by the
 gale
Needs our knit fingers westward lest it
 fail,
Shall yet need for hope's sake and man-
 kind's
Our interwoven souls and hearts and
 minds.

We need each other, you and I,
The heaving earth, the stormy sky.

Alone, apart, we die.

Friends of the alien race, the far off
 land,
Strangers no more—
Give me your hand!

Nobel Prize novelist, Pearl Buck is one
of the most tireless workers in America for
human rights everywhere.

TWO POEMS

ETHEL WILLIAMS WRIGHT

AFTER LISTENING TO HER STORY OF SLAVERY

But mother, you are beautiful!
Your smile and eyes are full of love;
How did you keep from hating?

SO WHAT?

Naturally, you are black,
White,
Red,
Brown,
Yellow.
So what?
You had to be some color.

Ethel Williams Wright is a graduate of Natchez College and has done special work at Fisk University, Jefferson School of Social Science, and Columbia University. Born and reared in Mississippi, she now lives in New York City.

GOD LOVES THE IRISH

"FOR A KINDER RACE..."

HELEN PAPASHVILY

ON dark days in the late fall when the fog blew in from the delta islands and it was too cold and wet to go outside and there was nothing to do inside but pop corn, look at the martyrs' pictures in the *Fountain of Catholic Knowledge*, or tease Aunt Maggie, Matt and Flossie could always get her started by asking the old question, "Now, Mama, you're Irish. Would you say you was shanty Irish?"

"Indeed I'd say no such thing, and fer two pins I'd give you both a smack fer the suggestion. Shanty Irish! Why, I'll have you to know that the best blood of the Irish kings runs in the O'Conner veins. Shanty Irish!"

"Well, then, Ma'm, what is shanty Irish?"

But there the difficulty always began. Aunt Maggie could explain every other kind of Irish—"soot Irish, them with a dark blue eye and smudged-over lashes, carrying their heads in a cloud of black curls, the real Irish beauties, they are," and the chimley Irish, red of hair and face, with freckles peppering a turned-up nose, "God bless 'em, they've the map of Ireland fer their face, as the saying goes"; and then there were the mick Irish, always into fights, "born with a chip on both shoulders and more to be pitied than blamed"; and the bottle Irish, who did violent things "when they'd had a drop too much. Bad luck to the black devils that sell it to them."

"But shanty Irish?" Flossie persisted. "What makes them? Is it poor?"

"The Lord gives and the Lord takes

away. Remember that! No, it's not poor."

"Dirty?"

"No. Dirt's a crime, but a crime of ignorance."

"Not going to school?" hopefully from Toddie.

"No. Fer I never had the luck to set me foot inside one."

"Are the Quennels shanty Irish?" The Quennels lived on the corner.

"Certainly not. Regina Quennell was an O'Brien."

"Are the Muldoons?"

"Indeed and they're not."

"Are the Currans?" Mr. Curran kept a dry goods store and they owned the biggest house on the block and Catherine Curran had a pony and a wax doll and party dress of real China silk, trimmed 'round with Dublin crochet.

"Are the Killeans?"

"Are the new people that moved into Mrs. O'Leary's?"

But Aunt Maggie's patience was running out. "Stop bothering me. Shanty Irish is what we're not and that's enough. And as fer the people next door, what could I know about them, me laying here on the flat of me back with never a look at their furnitures moving in."

For, sad to relate, Aunt Maggie had been anchored fast to the parlor sofa for three long weeks and it was all Uncle Andrew's fault. Because it was him that brought home a willow tree and, in spite of a warning they were a sure sign of bad luck, planted it right in the middle of the front yard. And the next night a swallow

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beat against the panes and two and half weeks later, exactly to the day, Mrs. O'Leary died at the age of eighty-nine. For a bird at the window means a death in the family, and Mrs. O'Leary, while not strictly a relative, had lived next door to Aunt Maggie for twenty-six years and was Flossie's godmother.

Then at the funeral Floss cried until she got hiccups so bad Dr. Gibbons had to be called in and paid a dollar for stopping them with whiskey on a sugar lump.

"So, all in all," Aunt Maggie said when she finally came home from the cemetery, "before I take my corsets off or lay my bonnet away, I've got a good mind to get rid of that tree before something worse happens."

She found Uncle Andrew's ax in the woodshed and she went out and gave it a good swing clear through the willow's trunk and through her own shoe and pretty well into her toes.

"So here I am like a bump on a log," she complained daily to Uncle Andrew. "And fer all I know we've a pack a thieves fer neighbors next door. Or worse. Maybe they're Protestants or he keeps a saloon. You'll never deny me now that willow trees are bad luck."

"Well," Uncle Andrew said cautiously, "I'd go so far as to admit some willow trees may be. Although the people next door look to be a very respectable family."

"I'll judge that fer meself," Aunt Maggie told him, "when I can get one look at their parlor curtains and see the way she hangs out a wash."

But before this opportunity came along, Aunt Maggie had a chance to pass on the new neighbor in person.

"Excuse me, please," a voice at the screen door said. Aunt Maggie looked up from the couch to see a plump pouter pigeon of a lady standing just inside the porch holding a soup tureen twice as big as her head. "Excuse me," she said. "I'm

Mrs. Cohen from next door, and your children told mine you was sick and I knew, excuse me please for the remark, I knew you couldn't fix nothing for them and it's hot, it's so hot I brought you over a dish of sherbet I made."

"Come in. Come in," Aunt Maggie said. "Sherbet. I've heard of it. It's all the go in San Francisco now. You'll excuse me for not setting you a chair, but I'm bed fast, and I've never ate it although my sister had some at the Cliff House. Make yourself at home. Children," she called out the window, "yer all to come in and wash your hands and make a wish because it's the first time you ever et this and say, 'Thank you, Mrs. Cohan,' and after have a nice little dish of sherbet apiece."

"Thank you," said the chorus racing up the back steps.

"Thank you, what?" Aunt Maggie inquired darkly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Cohan, for the nice sherbet," echoed the chorus, stampeding for the sink.

"Cohan!" Aunt Maggie said. "Isn't that a coincidence? My cousin, Cecilia Costello that was, married a Cohan and they had fourteen children. She never in her life cooked less than a peck a padadas to a meal until they buried six and three went fer nuns. Could it be a relative? In Oakland, this was—?"

"Excuse me." The new neighbor set the tureen down carefully on the table and backed away from it. "My husband and me ain't Irish. It's Cohen, and we was born in Russia and we're—"

"Russians!" Aunt Maggie exclaimed delightedly. "Why, the very idea. Stand up to the window so I can get a good look at you. Why, I would never have knowed it."

"—we're Jews," Mrs. Cohen finished.

"Is that a fact?" Aunt Maggie said. "Well, I wouldn't have knowed that

neither. It just goes to show you, don't it? Draw up a chair and sit down. Jews! Think of that! Was you ever to the Holy Land? Father McInnes, he was a priest gave a Retreat here once, why he visited there and he said that he never seen so much sand. He said it reminded him of the Mohave Desert, only worse."

Mrs. Cohen, as it turned out, had never been either to the Holy Land or the Mohave Desert, but she did have four children including one like Toddie who was too bright for his own good, and she knew a sure cure for whooping cough, as well as a recipe for sweet pickles that she could positively guarantee wouldn't turn soft in the crock.

And Aunt Maggie was quite enjoying herself describing the O'Conner family, none of whom Mrs. Cohen, through some misfortune, had ever had the pleasure of meeting, when Uncle Andrew came in for supper and Mrs. Cohen slipped off home.

"They're Jews," Aunt Maggie told him. "Fer all they say they're so stingy she brought the children sherbet and a big dish, too."

Uncle Andrew sat down by the window. "No. They aren't stingy," he said. "I've done business with the men folks. They're fair, but they're smart. And you know what a gall that is to some people."

"But why do they call them stingy?" Aunt Maggie said.

Uncle Andrew twisted the curtain pull around his finger for a few minutes. "Some folks," he said at last, clearing his throat, "call us Scots stingy, too."

"Sure, I'd like to hear anybody dare," Aunt Maggie said hotly, "fer you're generosity its ownself, as everybody knows."

Uncle Andrew gave her hand an awkward pat. "Thank you, Lass. I guess there's many that gets the name without the game."

Next morning when Aunt Maggie was

in the middle of finding out she couldn't hope to wash the clothes sitting down to the tub, Mrs. Curran came in.

"Well, Marg'ret," she said, "I run over to keep you company and I brung my fancy work." She held out a silk pillow top where stamped flowers crawled up a motto that said, I PINE FOR YOU AND BAL-SAM. "And when it's finished, it's to be stuffed with evergreen needles. What do you think of that?"

Aunt Maggie hobbled back to her couch. "Speakin' fer meself, I always prefer feathers to me pillows, but there's no accounting fer tastes, as the old man said when he put mustard on his peaches."

Mrs. Curran drew out a skein of green silk and bit off a length and threaded her needle. "And now, Maggie"—she pulled her chair closer—"what do you think?"

"I'm sure it couldn't give you any pleasure at all to know," Aunt Maggie said. "And if we're to be ladies at our needlework in the middle of the morning, hand me over me darning basket."

"Well, you'll never guess." Mrs. Curran pushed the basket over with her foot. "And in a way and all I hate to tell you fer it's you I'm so sorry fer, Maggie."

"All right," Aunt Maggie said. "What is it?"

Mrs. Curran lowered her voice to a whisper. "Them people in O'Learys is Jews!"

"Oh, that," Aunt Maggie said. "I've known it fer days, and very nice they seem to be. The four children's just the age of mine except fer Willy."

"Nice!" Mrs. Curran snorted. "Nice! Dirty, and the smells from the messes they cook!"

"My neighbor, Mrs. Cohen, is a fine housekeeper," Aunt Maggie told her, "and she makes a delicious sherbet, as I happen to know."

"Sherbet. I can't bear it." Mrs. Curran wrinkled her nose.

"Oh, you'll like it all right once you have a chance to taste it," Aunt Maggie assured her.

"You don't know what Jews are or what they do, Maggie. Why, only yesterday Mr. O'Toole told Mr. C. that we had a perfect right to put them out of this neighborhood. He said—"

"Mister O'Toole!" Aunt Maggie threw her darning egg in the basket so hard it bounced. "Mister O'Toole, is it? Well, I'm not surprised Mister O'Toole don't like them fer they've too much sense to booze their money away in his dirty saloon. The nerve of him saying who'll live in my street and who won't. Mister O'Toole! I'll Mister O'Toole him some fine day in a way he won't forget."

Mrs. Curran worked a few nervous petals on her pillow. "Well, I won't let our Cath'run play with them children."

"That's the pity of it," Aunt Maggie said sympathetically. "When you have only the one, you've got time fer all that kind of fussing, but of course with me five I can't be after them to see who they'll go with and who they won't or that alone'd take up me day. They'll have to take their chances, and as far as the Cohen children's concerned, they might go farther and fare worse, as the saying is."

"You don't know Jews, Maggie, or what they do."

"Well, there used to be a peddler come by here, but you wouldn't remember him, that was long before you moved here—when you still lived over by the slaughter house—and he was a Jew, or so he said. Well, he sold me a dress piece, a nun's veiling it was in a pearl grey, and when I come to make it up, why, there in the last breadth—what do you think—?"

"There was a hole," Mrs. Curran said triumphantly. "I knew it."

"That's right," Aunt Maggie told her. "So big I could put me fist through it."

Well, when he come around again, the peddler, I showed it to him, and what d'ya think he done?"

"Said it wasn't there when you bought it. I know their tricks."

"Not at all. He give me another piece and a dress length fer Flossie besides fer me trouble. Which is more than I can say fer some stores not a mile from here. Fer the last piece of wash goods I had off them fell to pieces on me entirely, and I didn't get a God bless you to repay me fer it neither when I complained."

Mrs. Curran's needle stabbed the silk in her embroidery hoops a few times before she spoke. "Me and Mr. C.," she said, "are thinking of giving a party fer our Cath'run next month. It's her twelfth birthday."

"That'll be very nice for her, I'm sure," Aunt Maggie said.

"A big party. Because Mr. C. always likes everything to be very choice. He said to me, he said, 'Don't spare the expense, Nell. The best is none too good for us,' he said."

"And I'm sure he believes it," Aunt Maggie agreed graciously.

"So I expect to have thirty children or more, fer our Cath'run has so many friends, and a few strings of music, and a magician up from the City, and paper caps, and pin the tail on the donkey—"

"If the children can find the right one," Aunt Maggie put in.

"Oh, they'll be blindfolded. That's the point of the game and, after, a set-down supper with oysters and chocolate cake and my tamale loaf and ice cream, and yer children is all invited, even Toddie and the baby, fer we can put them to sleep in the back room when they get wore out."

"We thank you kindly fer your thought of us," Aunt Maggie said, "but their father's not much fer evening parties. However, we'll see."

"FOR A KINDER RACE . . ."

Two weeks later the invitations for Catherine's party were dropped in all the mail boxes along the street, except, as Aunt Maggie found by a guarded question, Cohens'.

Aunt Maggie hid the invitations for her children, gave them an early lunch and some instructions. "Yer to go over to Cohens' directly you finish and bring David and Rose and Zach over here as soon as their mother'll let them come, and yer to play alone with them this afternoon in our yard. Alone. Mind, Flossie."

Then she ran over to Curran's. "Nellie," she said, "I don't have any time to waste coming to the point. You haven't invited the Cohen children to Catherine's party yet."

"And I don't intend to."

"Nellie, whether you know it or not Catherine's played at their house all these days and had cakes and shrub with them and borrowed Rose's doll clothes and I don't know what all. They're little friends together. She likes them children and so do mine."

"I told her she can't have them," Mrs. Curran said, "and I told her if she cries any more about it her father'll speak to her."

"Nellie, this was always such a nice neighborhood. Never a word of trouble. Never a fuss. Wouldn't it be a sin to start it now?"

"I can't have them," Mrs. Curran said.

"I wouldn't say a word if it was a small party. Then there'd be an excuse, but you've asked every Tom, Dick, and Harry on this side of the tracks that's between walking and voting age."

"Well, I can't—"

"Maybe they're only children, little children, and maybe it's only a party, but think how Catherine would feel if she was left out. You've got a mother's heart, Nellie. You know a thing like that leaves

a mark that lasts fer a lifetime. Now don't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Think how Catherine'll feel to meet them day after day with this between them. Do it fer Catherine's sake if you won't fer nothing else."

"Well—" Mrs. Curran pleaded her apron hem. "All right, Marg'ret. I'll send the invites over after noon dinner."

"That's a good girl." Aunt Maggie patted her hand. "You'll never regret it."

She got home to find the back yard in confusion. Toddie and little Zach Cohen were under the banksia rose bush sobbing and pounding their feet in a furious duet. Flossie and Rose Cohen had abandoned the pile of leaves and flowers they used for doll hats and David Cohen was alone in the sand pile spading air with his shovel. Matt stood by the fence in one of his sulks.

"Well," Aunt Maggie asked them, "what's the matter now? Flossie?"

"Chauncey O'Houllihan just come by on his wheel," Flossie said, beginning to cry, "and he told us he got invited to a party Catherine's having—that everybody got invited and when we said we didn't then he said he guessed that was because nobody wanted us."

"Nobody wants us," Toddie screamed. "Nobody wants us."

"Nobody wants us," Zach echoed.

"Stop that noise," Aunt Maggie commanded, "the both of you. Well, to tell the truth—" She hesitated. "The fact of the matter is—"

David stood up and went to Zach and set him on his feet and wiped his eyes and took hold of his hand. Aunt Maggie looked at his face and looked away again.

Rose caught the glance. She put her doll in its bed and tucked the blanket carefully in all around. "I think we have to be going home now," she said. "I think our mother probably wants us."

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"Mama!" Flossie's tears were running in muddy channels down her cheeks. "Why aren't we going, too? Mama?"

"Well, it's this way," Aunt Maggie said. "If you'd give me a chance to make myself heard. You mayn't have yer invitations to hand, as the saying goes, but a little bird happened to tell me you're all invited. Everybody here. David, and you, Toddie, stop your noise or I'll give you something to cry fer, and Rose and Floss and Zach and Matt. All of you."

At this news Toddie and Zach began to run in wild circles banging happily at each other with the sandpails; the girls went back to their millinery; and Matt,

But before the kettle boiled, Uncle Andrew came home, and a minute later the turn bell on the front door sounded and Mr. Curran stamped in with Mrs. Curran trailing after him.

"Maggie," he said, "I gather you got an impression that Nellie here is going to invite your friends next door to Cath'run's party."

"You gathered right," she told him.

"Well, they ain't coming," Mr. Curran pounded his cane. "And that settles that. I and me wife is holding this party. Your children is welcome to come or to stay away. But that's all you got to say about who comes and who don't. I wouldn't go



in a sheer burst of good humor, pushed David head first into the canna bed.

"If I come out there to you—" Aunt Maggie threatened automatically before she closed the back door and sat down at the kitchen table. "My God," she said out loud to herself. "I feel all gone. What I need is a nice little cup of tea to brace me."

to a party where Jews was, under any consideration."

"Ain't it a blessing then that you didn't live at the time of our Lord?" Aunt Maggie said. "For if He'd of got you an invite to the Marriage at Cana you couldn't of went."

"That's a sacrilege, Maggie," Mrs. Curran warned.

"FOR A KINDER RACE . . ."

"If it is, then I hope I never have a worse sin to answer fer," Aunt Maggie told her.

"And you may be the bell sheep," Mr. Curran talked on, "to lead the Catholic Ladies Aid when and how you want, and you may be the President of yer Sodality and the—"

"I'm corresponding secretary fer the Ladies Auxiliary of the Caledonian Society," Aunt Maggie prompted. "Don't leave them out."

"—and the head and tail of everything else in town, but this is my party and my child and my house and—" he banged his big red fist so hard on the table that

think our childun had best stop at home, too," he said.

"Indeed they won't," Aunt Maggie said. "They expect to go and they will go and so will the Cohens, and they'll all," she finished grimly, "have the best time of their lives—" she put her head down on the table and burst into tears—"or I'll know why."

"Now, Lass," Uncle Andrew put a comforting hand on her shoulder. "It's a small—"

"Leave me alone!" She shook him off. "A fine husband. Never a word out of you. Why didn't you stand up to him?" She dried her eyes on the corner of her



the dishes jumped—"and the Cohens ain't coming!"

"Keep on. Keep on," Aunt Maggie said. "Empty wagons always rattle."

Mr. Curran took his hat and his cane and his wife and slammed out the door.

Uncle Andrew pulled a long draw on his pipe.

"Unless all their friends are invited, I

apron. "Why didn't you say something? Sitting there like a stoten bottle."

Uncle Andrew opened the pass cupboard and found the familiar stone jug and poured out two glasses. "Take a sup, Lass," he said. "You need it. As fer me, I've made it a rule when the Irish fight among themsel' to bide quiet in my corner." He held up his glass and watched

the sun shining through it. "For the Irish, God bless 'em." He drank it off at a swallow. "A kinder race never tore a man apart."

Aunt Maggie stared into space. "How can I get at John Curran?" she said. "How?" A thought struck her. "He don't owe you any money, does he?"

"I may be a fool," Uncle Andrew said. "But not that big a one."

"And he don't drink and he don't smoke and he never had enough gump-tion to look at another girl until Nellie married him to get out from behind the counter of her father's meat market. He's so perfect is Mr. John Curran that I bet his confession puts the priest to sleep. Well, there's nothing for it." She stood up. "I'll get dressed and drive back down town with you. Me Cousin Clancy, would he still be the committeeman?"

"He would," Uncle Andrew said, "but I suppose you remember the last time you seen him, Christmas a year ago, you called him a thief."

"Blood's thicker than water." Aunt Maggie put on her bonnet.

"And you told him never to put his foot inside yer door or you'd set the dog on him—"

"A remark made in the heat of an argument." Aunt Maggie took her gloves out of the tissue paper. "Sure, Clancy's far too good-hearted to hold that against me."

And Clancy didn't.

"It's a small matter," Aunt Maggie told him, sitting in his stuffy office over the courthouse, "and I'd never think of giving you the bother of it, but fer the sake of the children."

"The children, God love them. Do they miss old Cousin Clancy? Does me little Flossie ask about me sometimes?"

"They're all fine. When yer passing yer welcome to stop in and see them. Now this is a matter of a party John Curran's

having for their Catherine, and there's a bit of trouble about who's going and who ain't."

"Me little Flossie's not asked?"

"Well, not exactly, and I won't bother you with all the details, only—"

"So me own Cousin Flossie, a real little princess with her curls of gold, she ain't good enough for Curran's Catherine. By God, excuse me Marg'ret, but I'll see—"

"Wait, Clance, that's not quite the strait of it, but it's such a long story altogether—and besides you better leave our name out of it entirely fer family reasons—that it'll be enough if you just pass the word down so it gets to John Curran that all the children on the block are to be at the party. All the children. And John Curran'll catch on. A wink's as good as a nod to a blind horse, as the saying goes."

"My little Floss," Cousin Clancy said. "You bet they'll all be there. Every kid on the street and her, too, the queen of the bunch. Will you take a drop of something, Marg'ret, if I send out fer it?"

But Aunt Maggie didn't have the time, so Cousin Clancy saw her to the corner. "Now tell me, Marg'ret," he said, while they were waiting for the horse car to come along, "just how is it you think old good-fer-nothing Cousin Clancy can persuade John Curran to do what you want?"

"Well, Clance, I suppose it might be that his display sign ain't safe, or your fire chief finds too much rubbish on his sidewalk, or the police—on a sale day—of course it's a subject I know nothing about whatsoever fer I always believe in leaving politics for the gentlemen to bother with."

Clancy gave her a look. "My God, Marg'ret," he said. "I bet I could have elected you to the legislature. It's a shame you was born a woman."

Aunt Maggie gave the merest flick of a tilt to her bustle. "Fortunately there's

others that wouldn't agree with you. See that somebody speaks to John Curran to-night." She flagged the horse car and climbed on.

The next morning David and Rose and Zach and even the baby found their in-



vitations to Catherine's party in the mail box and so, too, by an odd coincidence did Aunt Maggie's five. There was a great comparing of the colored pasteboards whereon little girls looking through daisy wreaths, little girls peeking from behind lilies, little girls bowered in roses, all winsomely entreated, Won't you please come to my party?

The dressmaker was in for a day and there were new hair ribbons and sashes and evening pumps to carry in a bag and Willy was measured for long trousers and Mr. Curran stepped over especially to ask

Aunt Maggie and Mrs. Cohen for the honor of their help in serving the birthday cakes.

It must have been a very successful party because a platform rocker collapsed beyond repair under the strain of musical chairs, and somebody overflowed the upstairs sink, and three guests had to be escorted on quick trips to the bathroom, and David Cohen found the fortune ring in his slice of cake, or at least he swallowed it—which was accepted as being equally lucky—and Hughie Delchanty topped his own previous record of six plates of cream by eating seven. "There's one child," Aunt Maggie said behind her hand to Mrs. Cohen, "that I'm glad ain't mine fer he's either got a tape worm or two hollow legs."

"A very nice evening, John and Nellie," Aunt Maggie said, when at last it was all over and she and Flossie were the last ones out the door. Even Uncle Andrew had gone home carrying Toddie and the baby, sound asleep on his shoulders, to bed.

"A pleasure, a pleasure, Maggie." John Curran rubbed his hands together. "Sure, we've had our differences as who hasn't, but when you asked me a little favor, I couldn't say no."

"We won't go into that, John," Aunt Maggie said. "That's ancient history now. We'll leave sleeping dogs lay, as the saying goes."

But John Curran was too drunk on the gas lights burning in every room in his house and the new punch bowl and the tubs of rented palms and the thirty-eight presents Catherine had received—to say nothing of the visit from the society editor of the Independent—to be cautious. "Sure, I'm the kind of a fellow, Marg'ret, that lives only to oblige and my own good heart'll be the death of me yet, and so one word from you—"

"John," Aunt Maggie said, "you can

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save yer palaver fer yer customers, and now I'll tell you to yer face what I think of you, fer if I don't I might be tempted to say it behind yer back. Yer stupid and yer lazy. Stupid, fer you've no ideas of yer own, and lazy because you'll take 'em from whoever'll give them to you. Yer friend, that O'Toole, fer one. But all that I could of forgave you, thinking, like a horse with heaves, 'twas yer misfortune far more than yer fault. But it's worse than that. Yer a coward. A coward that needed only a word from me Cousin Clancy to jump like a monkey on a stick. Why didn't you stand up to him?"

"But Maggie," John Curran gulped, "you wanted me to ask the Cohens, didn't you?"

"Of course, I did," Aunt Maggie told him, "but that's got nothing to do with the subject whatsoever. Only see that you behave yourself toward them in the future."

"Why, they're very fine people. I—"

"They'd better be," Aunt Maggie said.

"And now I'll give you a word of advice. Next time take a minute to think, before yer so free with yer blather. Fer to express an opinion you ain't ready to stand up any time and any place and fight fer is a disgrace to yer country and the name you bear, and what's more it's the very—the very—" she turned on Flossie standing aghast in the corner—"and this'll do fer yer information, too, Miss, since yer so prone to ask—it's the very mark of the shanty Irish! So now you know."

"Well, Marg'ret," Mr. Curran said, "I'm sure I meant no harm. I—we—"

Aunt Maggie put on her cape. "This is a subject we'll discuss no further. And now I'll bid you both a good night and, since I hope there's no hard feelings, pleasant dreams."

This is the fourth in the "God Loves the Irish" series Helen Papashvily is doing for COMMON GROUND.

The sketches are by Bernadine Custer.

THE COLLEGE—AN ACTIVE SOCIAL AGENT

ALGO D. HENDERSON

WE AT ANTIOCH believe in the possibility of a world governed by tolerance and good will, where every man is judged solely on his performance as a human being. . . . The problems we face are . . . to reconcile the differences of nationality and color, of creed and opinion, and to increase for all peoples the opportunity to be and to give their best. Solutions will not come quickly nor easily, nor through the efforts of just a few men of good will.

Every individual, every group, every institution which is in a position to do so must work toward the solution, no matter how small its contribution may be."

This statement rings familiarly upon Antioch College ears. For nearly a hundred years, Antioch has welcomed students without regard to race, color, sex, or religious beliefs. Horace Mann, that ardent pioneer in education for all, came to the Ohio backwoods to be Antioch's first

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president straight from bitter battles in Congress against Daniel Webster and his acquiescence in the slavery Compromise of 1850. Arthur E. Morgan, who introduced another pioneer plan of education at Antioch twenty-five years ago, left Antioch's presidency to become chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, which brought new hope and life to a whole area of America.

Individually and as an institution, a college has a responsibility to be an active social agent, we at Antioch believe. In the past, the colleges have tended to see their social duty almost entirely in terms of training more competent accountants, engineers, chemists, journalists. But fifteen years of depression and war have shown us all that more than vocational competence, more even than high standards for personal living, is necessary. Students must be given social vision relating to the great issues of humanity. They must learn not merely how to live as individuals but how to make a better community and nation and world for everyone to live in. Their classes in psychology, biology, anthropology, economics, government, their whole curriculum, must fearlessly investigate the sources of prejudice and injustice. They must focus on present-day issues, drawing upon the experience of the past to help solve them.

Part of this learning, too, must involve experience at first-hand and practice in actual techniques. One touch of a hot iron teaches a child something about heat he cannot learn from lectures. A week behind the counter in a department store teaches a student something about human nature which makes a textbook of psychology more meaningful. Work in a factory gives a student first-hand impressions of the thoughts and hopes of fellow workmen.

Antioch supplies this missing element of experience through a work-study program. This is part of the whole new plan

of education Arthur E. Morgan introduced at Antioch twenty-five years ago. Under it, all Antioch students alternate periods of study on campus with periods of work on regular jobs for regular pay anywhere in twenty states. The experience has value for career exploration and orientation, but it has profound values in enlarging social vision as well. What students get from this experience is best revealed in their own words. One girl, working in a Pittsburgh social settlement, writes, "Home visiting has taught me not to be surprised at people's prejudices, rebellion, hatred. All the theories that I have ever heard about practice in race relations have been put to test."

Working in the interviewing department of a large city hospital "gave my ideas a needed push," another girl wrote. "The mention of certain classes of people no longer brings a scornful reaction. Perhaps my attitude would have changed naturally but I believe the hospital helped a lot."

"What has shocked me most in my whole experience here in the factory," wrote another student, "has been the tremendous amount of intolerance felt on the part of the majority of the employees toward any individuals or groups that are different in any way. It is not personal meanness of character; their attitudes are the reflection of bigoted backgrounds, which have not been counteracted by understanding education, directed to those whose early and future lives need cultivating most."

A student working in New York wrote, "This job tied in beautifully with my academic work at Antioch. Again a lot of theory became real to me. And what I learned above everything else is what a terribly slow process it is to educate people to think and act without prejudice, to make them realize what democracy really means, and to teach them even such

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fundamental things as hygiene and child care."

Another student, making time-and-motion studies in a large industry, reported, "The most important thing I have learned is that when I leave school I will step into a society that is not interested in itself as a whole but rather is separated into individuals who center their interests around themselves. There are people with narrow minds and brick-wall prejudices, but, nevertheless, they are people and my job now is to learn to live and work with a world that is far from ideal."

In "liberal education field reports," students on their jobs make special intensive studies which broaden out their casual observation. One journalism student, for instance, compared the treatment six different newspapers gave the same set of events. She discovered that each one of them colored the news to suit its own viewpoint, including the newspaper on which she was working at the time and with the editorial viewpoint of which she happened to be in agreement. A boy who returned to his home town in Kansas for co-operative work studied the whole town itself, and discovered new implications in the facts he had taken for granted all his life—the "right" and "wrong" side of the tracks, for instance; the story behind the weed-grown public park, donated by a utilities magnate whose financial pyramiding had burst in the depression; the particular social texture of this once wide-open frontier town. Through this study, he developed a new sensitivity to the intricate facets of community life. A girl from the South, active in work to better race relations, made a study of aspects in common in her three successive work experiences, with an Italian American slum community in Connecticut, a sharecropper region in Tennessee, and a school for delinquent girls. As a result, she began to see the problem of race relations in

its larger orientation of human relations.

Such observations help students to see the world as a broad and interlocked whole. The neat compartmentalizing of the textbook is broken down. Students become less arrogant in their answers, and more patient and more persevering in working toward solutions.

Experience as an element of education should also involve practice in techniques. Students should be free to try out theories in action, even if they make mistakes occasionally. Thus, Antioch's student-faculty Community Government is an educational laboratory in democracy. Everyone in the community has a chance to help make important decisions, policies, social standards. Everyone has an opportunity to gain experience as administrators, trained to assume real responsibilities in government.

One of many committees in Community Government is the Antioch Race Relations Committee. This began as a group of seven students and faculty who were appointed by the Civil Liberties Committee to find out why Antioch had no Negro students at the moment. Now, four years later, it is set up independently, has raised scholarship funds so that Negro students can come to Antioch, and has achieved such a place in campus thinking that ninety-two students asked to serve on it this fall. (Of course a committee this size would be unwieldy, so that many requests were deferred.)

The Antioch community, both faculty and student, is drawn from many racial, religious, ethnic, and geographical backgrounds. Thus it interacts educationally upon itself. The more different viewpoints represented, the more students can learn from each other. It is a limitation on white students' education if they have no opportunity to get to know Negro students as individuals and classmates and

hallmates. The Race Relations Scholarship Fund, raised by student and faculty effort and in part from student and faculty pockets, enables the Antioch community to broaden its representativeness. Negro students who would otherwise be unable financially to attend Antioch are now part of the Antioch student body.

Antioch has also made a point of getting to know the Negro faculty and students of Wilberforce University, our closest neighbor as Ohio colleges go. It has been a rewarding experience. For example, last spring our Community Participation, Race Relations, and Informal Activities Committees sponsored together a joint work party with students from Wilberforce. The Wilberforce students came to Yellow Springs, and in small groups joined with Antioch students for an afternoon in various faculty homes of gardening and other work. Presently they had supper together, and then the groups went to the college gymnasium for an evening of informal singing, stunts, and folk dancing. This year, Wilberforce students hope to have Antioch students on their campus for another joint work party.

Another example of the work of the Antioch Race Relations Committee was in getting the color line at the local theatre eliminated. After some years of effort to persuade the proprietor voluntarily to eliminate the segregated section in his theatre, a combined group of Antioch and Wilberforce students and faculty worked out a careful plan to get it abolished. They promised each other in public meeting that they would not argue with anyone, or behave in any way that was undisciplined, undignified, or discourteous. Then, armed with copies of the Ohio state law which makes segregation illegal, the students entered the theatre in separate groups, the Negro students sitting in the Jim Crow section, the white students taking aisle seats in the regular sec-

tion. When the picture started, the Negro students got up and moved into seats inside the rows where the white students were sitting. The group had chosen a night when the general audience would be small. The non-violent technique worked, and the rope at the local theatre came down and has remained down. Since then, patronage of the theatre appears to be as good as ever, and many of the citizens of Yellow Springs went out of their way to assure the students they approved of what had been done and the manner of doing it.

Action simply for action's sake can do harm, of course. Young students tend to want to do something dynamic immediately. Older students and faculty encourage them to investigate critically first whether their proposed action will achieve what they want, what kinds of action are effective, what is wise in the long, as well as the short, run, what their own motivation basically may be. Questions are debated on the Antioch campus as: Should advertising in the campus newspaper imply endorsement of the advertiser's ethics? (The Race Relations Committee had suggested that an advertisement be dropped from the campus newspaper because the place of business flagrantly discriminates between the races it is willing to serve.) When does action against a demagogue play into the demagogue's hands? (This is in reference to a trip a group of students made to a meeting led by Gerald L. K. Smith, at which they distributed pamphlets attacking Smith's stand.) When does an institution's responsibility to its future generations of students and its continued life weigh against present desires?

The implications of these questions are tangled, but students as future citizens are better able to untangle them for having had down-to-earth experience of them, and for having had some actual practice in

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making decisions and carrying theories into action.

Beyond its duty to its students, an educational institution has another duty: to explain to society-as-a-whole what it believes and what it is trying to do. In practical terms, explanation is wise, for if a college tries to keep private its exploration of ideas or its experiments in action, it will find itself continually compromising for the sake of "public relations." But further, it owes a duty to these ideas themselves to stand out in public support for them.

The statement which opened this article was discussed and confirmed by the whole campus body in the spring of 1945: "We at Antioch believe in the possibility of a world where every man is judged solely on his performance as a human being." It continues: "But we believe also that the making of this world is not a job for any one group—that it will take the energies, the knowledge, the ideals of all men working together—that when we keep any one group from making this contribution, the whole world suffers. We think it important, therefore, that for the sake of all, no one group should be excluded from contributing economically, politically, artistically, and socially to the life of the nation. . . . In college, as in the world, we cannot learn tolerance and understanding of one another in segregated groups. We at Antioch are trying to

find a common ground on which all groups may work together. We are trying to build together the sort of community in which mutual respect and free exchange of ideas and opinions may flourish. We are trying to learn to base our beliefs on facts and first-hand experiences with individuals, rather than on preconceived notion. We think that students of all races, working together, have much to contribute to this goal, and that in turn Antioch can give them all knowledge and experience that will be meaningful throughout their lives."

The statement might have continued: As individuals, in Horace Mann's words, we believe that we should "be ashamed to die until we have won some victory for humanity." And as an institution, we are trying to live up to his hope that the college might become an "influence on the destinies of men."

Algo D. Henderson is president of Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. He came to this seat of the co-operative work-study plan in 1925 as professor of business administration and since 1936 has been its head. His book, Vitalizing Liberal Education, was published in 1944. Mr. Henderson himself is the product of an informal work-study plan, having grown up on a dirt farm in Kansas and worked his way through the country between study sessions at Kansas, the University of Chicago, and Harvard.

PEACE CONFERENCE IN AN AMERICAN TOWN

LANGSTON HUGHES

At the back fence calling,

Mrs. Jones!

At the back fence calling,

Mrs. Greene!

At the back fence calling,

Mrs. Brown!

My blueberry pie's

the best in town.

At the back fence calling,

Johnny Jones!

At the back fence calling,

Kenny Greene!

At the back fence calling,

Buddy Brown!

Come on, let's

bat a ball around.

At the back fence calling,

Neighbor! Neighbor!

At the back fence calling,

Neighbor! Friend!

At the back fence calling,

Neighbor! When

is all this trouble

gonna end?

At the back fence calling

Colored, White.

At the back fence calling

Gentile, Jew.

At the back fence calling

Neighbor!

At the back fence calling

You!

A NISEI REPORT FROM HOME

MARY OYAMA

RETURNING home after three years of exile in our own country was both exciting and tiring, but we had managed it; and here we were, incredibly enough, right back in Los Angeles where we had left off on that unforgettable morning of May 9, 1942. On the balmy Spring evening of April 11, 1945, we stepped over the threshold of our House on the Hill.

We had spent most of '42 in camps: four months at the Santa Anita Assembly Center, five months at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center. Then had come "resettlement," a year and a half in Denver, nine months in Chicago. "Be a Nisei and see the world," we had said. We had seen America the hard way, we jested to a sympathetic Caucasian American friend who agreed dryly, "Yeah, the hard, hard way!" We both laughed. Afterwards I reflected it was heartening that we still could laugh objectively at a Strange-Interlude period which had not been very funny; that there were interesting psychological ramifications to this typically American laughter—that they had to do with that admirable human characteristic called resiliency.

But to proceed with the report. Geraldine and Gordon Hoyt with their friends comprised a party of five who met us at the Union Station as we pulled into our home town, Los Angeles. Our travel-weariness was dissipated by their beaming welcome, and we underwent a round of hugging, handshaking, questions, answers, introductions, and exclamations. Jerry chided us gently for arriving 24 hours

earlier than they had expected. "I was going to bake a cake for you, and the minister and his wife were coming to meet you, too, but—"

She offered to take my son Rickey off my hands until we were settled, if he were willing to stay the weekend with her son Skipper. Then they drove us to our own doorstep, where everything was in readiness for our return. Our Negro American friend Jean, who had been living in our house the years we had been away, was in the kitchen picking up the last of her belongings. She greeted us warmly as we walked dazedly toward the living room, which seemed like a golden dream. "Don't stand there, Mary! Sit down! After all, this is your home!"

From that moment we were able to slide into the smooth groove of house-keeping. Everything was spic and span, just as we had left it back in '42 (the house was brand new then, having been built only 6 months before Pearl Harbor). There were food and milk in the refrigerator, the cupboards were well-stocked with groceries and staples, and all the utilities—lights, gas, water, telephone—were ready. It was as if we had been away only an afternoon rather than almost three years. We were grateful to our friends.

Richard, 7, and Edward, 4, adjusted themselves without a hitch from street-playing in the slums of Chicago to the country-boy pleasures of rural life. Neighboring youngsters from below came up several times to fly kites and appraise us with reticent curiosity. But their reserve

A NISEI REPORT FROM HOME

thawed completely when they beheld Rickey's ack-acking machine-gun. Soon they were all "shooting the Japs" together.

I hoped that adjustment to school would be just as simple. Rickey's father took him to school and returned with the encouraging report that the principal was very co-operative—had known the Japanese and Nisei well and had even visited Japan in prewar days. At first Rickey complained about schoolmates who besieged him with queries as to whether he was Chinese or Japanese, and Mexican American boys who called him "Chino." He was particularly concerned about the latter, so I explained that the word simply meant Chinese and that it was not an epithet.

"But," he remonstrated, "I'm not Chinese!"

"Well, then, what did you tell them?"

"That I'm an American."

"That's right. Just keep on saying that. Remember what I told you in Chicago."

He told his fellow pupils that if he were Chinese he'd speak Chinese, wouldn't he, and if he were Japanese he'd speak Japanese. The children caught the point. Later, when some one would inadvertently let out a "Chino," Eddie Olivas, his loyal Mexican American friend, would jump to his defense: "Rickey's a good guy! If he wuz Chinese he'd be in China. If he wuz a Jap he'd be in Japan. But he's here—see? So what!" No one dared dispute the challenge, and the children soon learned by Rickey's speech and actions that he was just as American as any of them.

When the whole family of us went out shopping for the first time to a neighborhood store, I was relieved when no one stared at us. People might have thought us Chinese, or else they were just too busy minding their own business even to notice us. It was the same when we went picnicking in the park.

Our first social engagement was a child's birthday party at the home of two Nisei sisters who were married to Chinese Americans. They had missed their Nisei friends and were overjoyed to see us. There were some interesting guests including a personable Nisei veteran with many campaign ribbons, a dignified Issei man, the father of the Nisei sisters, and a pretty little Eurasian girl about whom I debated as to whether she was part Chinese or Japanese. I wondered what the Issei father thought of his Nisei American daughters, Chinese American sons-in-law, and Chinese Japanese American grandchildren (seven of them) who delightedly called him "Grampa."

So far our social contacts were proceeding amicably with but one exception: our immediate next-door neighbors. Our former pre-evacuation neighbors had been a very charming Mexican American couple, gracious and sociable, but they had sold their house and moved away. In their place we found neighbors who were silent, uncommunicative, and reserved. We surmised uneasily that they did not like "Japs" because they never spoke to us. Neither would they make any gesture of friendship. What to do?

Both of us seemed to have got off on the wrong foot: we never spoke to them because they never spoke to us. Things were beginning to lump into an embarrassing and uncomfortable impasse when one day the Man of the House next door came to complain that our Rickey had thrown a rock and "hit my grandson on the head." I thought, oh—oh, things are going from bad to worse.

But a few days later I was amazed to find my husband chatting amiably with the Lady next door and giving her some surplus cacti he was taking out of our cactus garden. Later, when I inquired, "How come?" friend husband explained that the neighbors had been shy because

they could not speak good English—the Man was Puerto Rican Spanish. It was not long before we were exchanging more plants, tidbits for our pets, and even having the Lady looking after the children when I had my rare days off for shopping or visiting.

Just as we thought “That’s that,” Rickey brought home the report that the Old Lady at the bottom of the hill had asked him brusquely if he were a Jap, and when he said no, she insisted, “I’ll bet you are. You came from one of those camps—they should have kept you there. You’re responsible for keeping my brother in the Army!” Rickey was distressed, but I counseled patience until we could tackle her, perhaps first through cultivating the friendship of her neighbor, who was the mother of Rickey’s new friend “Spikey.”

Aside from this sole brush with prejudice, everybody has been remarkably sympathetic and understanding. Invariably the first question our Caucasian American friends ask us (with a certain anxiety in their voices) is, “How are they treating you?” “They” meaning the general public. We are always happy to report that public reaction is very good, in fact much better than we had expected. Even strangers, in unexpected places, show their understanding.

For instance, one afternoon a rather harassed-looking woman stood in front of our house staring at us with a decided frown. Approaching us after a squinting appraisal, she suddenly asked, “Are you Japanese?” Again I thought with trepidation, oh—oh, she doesn’t like us, but I’ll have to be honest. “An American of Japanese descent,” I replied. Then to my relief and surprise she said, “Well, it must have been awfully tough on you people. You know I really think you shouldn’t have been moved out in the first place. This war has caused so much trouble for

everybody. It’s been tough for all of us—I lost my only son.” She walked away as I stared after her with wordless sympathy.

Well-wishers have come with offerings of food or bottles of drinks to celebrate our homecoming to our House on the Hill. We have been feted with dinners, luncheons, parties, and invitations to churches and meetings where sometimes we have been Exhibit A’s in interracial or inter-American friendship projects. Churches, clubs, and different organizations vie with each other in inviting Nisei to join their groups. People who did not know of the existence of Nisei Americans before evacuation, and those who were indifferent, are seeing the Nisei in a new light, as fellow-Americans rather than as an unknown quantity or as “foreigners.” We actually feel more at home and more an integral part of our community than in the pre-evacuation days. It is true in many ways, in the words of Dillon Myer of the War Relocation Authority, that the evacuation has “helped the Nisei to discover America and America to discover the Nisei.” It has helped me to appreciate more fully our American citizenship, to understand more clearly the precious value of freedom, and to renew my unbounded faith in American democracy. There are hurts—yes, but they are past, and this homecoming is another beginning.

While some Japanese Americans resettling on the West Coast have met prejudice and even open violence, many have had a warm welcome as a result of the untiring work of church and fair-play groups during the years the evacuees have been away. This account by Mary Oyama swings her story full circle from her “After Pearl Harbor: Los Angeles” in our Spring 1942 issue, and “This Isn’t Japan,” her account of life in the Santa Anita Assembly Center, Autumn 1942.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: ERSATZ MYTHOLOGY

CAREY McWILLIAMS

*Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, thro' fruited dells,
The long processions pass.*

*The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The cross above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with prayer,
With chant and matin song!*

—Ina Coolbrith

CONSIDERING the long dark record of Indian mistreatment in Southern California, it is difficult to account for the curious legend that has developed in the region about the well-being of the natives under Mission rule. According to this legend, the Missions were havens of happiness and contentment for the Indians: places of song, laughter, good food, beautiful languor, and mystical adoration of the Christ. What is still more astonishing is the presence in the legend of an element of masochism, with the Americans, who manufactured the legend, taking upon themselves full responsibility for the criminal mistreatment of the Indian and completely exonerating the Franciscans. "In the old and happy days of Church domination and priestly rule," writes one Protestant historian, "there had been no 'Indian question.' That came only after American 'civilization' took from the red men their lands and gave them nothing in return."

Equally baffling, at first blush, is the intense preoccupation of Southern California with its Mission-Spanish past. Ac-

tually one of the principal charms of Southern California, as Farnsworth Crowder has pointed out, is that it is not overburdened with historical distractions. "As against any European country, certain parts of the United States and even neighboring Mexico," writes Mr. Crowder, "human culture has left relatively few marks, monuments and haunts over the vast virginal face of the state. Almost any square block of London is more drenched with flavors of the past than the whole of Los Angeles. The desert areas and valleys cannot evoke any such awareness of human antiquity and the genesis of great religions and civilizations as can the borderlands of the Mediterranean. No Wordsworths, no Caesars, no Pharaohs have made their homes here. The Californian simply cannot feed upon the fruits and signs of yesterday as can a Roman, a Parisian, an Oxonian." And yet this is precisely what he attempts to do. The newness of the land itself seems, in fact, to have compelled, to have demanded, the evocation of a mythology which could give people a sense of continuity in a region long characterized by rapid social dislocations. And of course it would be a tourist, a goggle-eyed umbrella-packing tourist, who first discovered the past of Southern California and peopled it with curious creatures of her own invention.

II

Some day the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce should erect a great bronze

statue of Helen Hunt Jackson at the entrance to Cajon Pass. Beneath the statue should be inscribed no flowery dedication but the simple inscription: "H. H. —In Gratitude." For little, plump, fair-skinned, blue-eyed Helen Hunt Jackson —"H.H." as she was known to every resident of Southern California—was almost solely responsible for the evocation of its Mission past, and it was she who catapulted the lowly Digger Indian of Southern California into the empyrean.

Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, on October 15, 1830, Helen Maria Fiske became a successful writer of trite romances and sentimental poems quite unlike those written by her friend and neighbor, Emily Dickinson. She was married in 1852 to Lieutenant Edward Bissell Hunt, of the Coast Survey, who died a few years after the marriage. In later years, she married William Sharpless Jackson, a wealthy banker and railroad executive of Colorado Springs. It is rather ironic to note that Mrs. Jackson, who became one of the most ardent freelance apologists for the Catholic Church in America, was a confirmed anti-Papist until she visited California. As might have been expected, she first became interested in Indians while attending a tea party in Boston. At this tea, she met Standing Bear and Bright Eyes, who were lecturing on the grievous wrongs suffered by the Poncas tribe. At the time of this meeting, Mrs. Jackson was forty-nine years of age, bubbling with enthusiasm, full of rhymes. Quick to catch the "aboriginal contagion," which had begun to spread among the writers of American romances, she immediately usurped the position of defender of the Poncas tribe, and thereafter no more was heard of Standing Bear and Bright Eyes. In 1881 Harper's published her well-known work, *A Century of Dishonor*, which did much to arouse a new, al-

though essentially spurious, interest in the American Indian.

In the spring of 1872, Mrs. Jackson had made a brief visit, as a tourist, to the northern part of California. Later she made three trips, as a tourist, to Southern California: in the winter of 1881-1882; the spring of 1883; and the winter, spring, and summer of 1884-1885. It scarcely needs to be emphasized that her knowledge of California, and of the Mission Indians, was essentially that of the tourist and casual visitor. Although she did prepare a valuable report on the Mission Indians, based on a field trip she made with Abbot Kinney of Los Angeles, most of her material about Indians was second-hand and consisted, for the greater part, of odds-and-ends of gossip, folk tales, and Mission-inspired allegories of one kind or another.

She had originally been sent to Southern California by Century magazine to write some stories about the Missions, which, according to the illustrator who accompanied her, were to be "enveloped in the mystery and poetry of romance." In Southern California she became deliriously enamored of the Missions, then in a state of general disrepair and neglect, infested with countless swallows and pigeons, overrun by sheep and goats, and occasionally inhabited by stray dogs and wandering Indians. "In the sunny, delicious, winterless California air," these crumbling ruins, with their walled gardens and broken bells, their vast cemeteries and caved-in wells, exerted a potent romantic influence on Mrs. Jackson's highly susceptible nature. Out of these brief visits to Southern California came *Ramona*, the first novel written about the region, which became, after its publication in 1884, one of the most widely read American novels of the time. It was this novel which firmly established the Mission legend in Southern California.

When the book was first published, it provoked a storm of protest in the Southland. Egged on by various civic groups, the local critics denounced it as a tissue of falsehoods; a travesty on history; a damnable libel on Southern California. But the book was perfectly timed—providentially timed—to coincide with the great invasion of home-seekers and tourists to the region. As these hordes of winter tourists began to express a lively interest in visiting “Ramona’s land,” Southern California experienced an immediate change of attitude and, overnight, became passionately Ramona-conscious. Beginning about 1887, a Ramona promotion of fan-



tastic proportions began to be organized in the region.

Picture postcards by the tens of thousands were published showing “the school attended by Ramona,” “the original of Ramona,” “the place where Ramona was married,” and various shots of the “Ramona country.” Since the local chambers of commerce could not, or would not, agree upon the locale of the novel—one school of thought insisted the Camulos rancho was the scene of the more poig-

nant passages, while still another insisted that the Hacienda Guajome was the authentic locale—it was not long before the scenic postcards depicting the Ramona Country had come to embrace all of Southern California. In the '80s, the Southern Pacific tourist and excursion trains stopped regularly at Camulos, so that the wide-eyed Bostonians, guide-books in hand, might detrain, visit the rancho, and bounce up and down on “the bed in which Ramona slept.” Thousands of Ramona baskets, plaques, pin-cushions, pillows, and souvenirs of all sorts were sold in every curio shop in California. Few tourists left the region without having purchased a little replica of the “bells that rang when Ramona was married.” To keep the tourist interest alive, local press agents for fifty years engaged in a synthetic controversy over the identities of the “originals” for the universally known characters in the novel. Some misguided Indian women began to take the promotion seriously and had themselves photographed—copyright reserved—as “the original Ramona.” A bibliography of the newspaper stories, magazine articles, and pamphlets written about some aspect of the Ramona legend would fill a volume. Four husky volumes of Ramonana appeared in Southern California: *The Real Ramona* (1900), by D. A. Hufford; *Through Ramona’s Country* (1908)—the official, classic document—by George Wharton James; *Ramona’s Homeland* (1914), by Margaret V. Allen; and *The True Story of Ramona* (1914), by C. C. Davis and W. A. Anderson.

From 1884 to date, the Los Angeles Public Library has purchased over a thousand copies of *Ramona*. Thirty years after publication, the same library had a constant waiting list for 105 circulating copies of the book. The sales to date total 601,636 copies, with a Regular

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Edition, a Monterey Edition (in two volumes), a DeLuxe Edition, a Pasadena Edition, a Tourist Edition, a Holiday Art Edition, and a Gift Edition. Hundreds of unoffending Southern California babies have been named Ramona. A town site was named Ramona. And, in San Diego, thousands of people make a regular pilgrimage to "Ramona's Marriage Place," where the True Vow Keepers Clubs—made up of couples who have been married fifty years or longer—hold their annual picnics. The Native Daughters of the Golden West have named one of their "parlors," or lodges, after Ramona. The name Ramona appears in the corporate title of fifty or more businesses currently operating in Los Angeles. Two of Mrs. Jackson's articles for Century—"Father Junipero and His Work," and "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians of Southern California"—were for years required reading in the public schools of California. Reprints of Henry Sandham's illustrations for Ramona are familiar items in Southern California homes, hotels, restaurants, and places of business. In 1914 one of the Ramona historians truthfully said that "Mrs. Jackson's name is familiar to almost every human being in Southern California, from the little three-year-old tot, who has her choice juvenile stories read to him, to the aged grandmother who sheds tears of sympathy for Ramona." Two generations of Southern California children could recite from memory the stanzas from Ina Coolbrith's verses to Helen Hunt Jackson, often ornately framed on the walls of Southern California homes:

*There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands,
Amid the sea of blooms.*

And Alessandro, type of all

*His broken tribe, for evermore
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.*

Translated into all known languages, Ramona has also been dramatized. The play based on the novel was first presented at the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles on February 27, 1905, the dramatization having been written by Virginia Calhoun and General Johnstone Jones. Commenting upon Miss Calhoun's performance in the role of Ramona, the Los Angeles Times reported: "In the lighter parts she held a fascination that was tempered with gentleness and playfulness. Her slender figure, graceful and pliant as a willow, swayed with every light touch of feeling, and the deeper tragic climaxes she met in a way to win tears from the eyes of many." Over the years, three motion picture versions of the novel have appeared. In 1887, George Wharton James, who did much to keep the Ramona promotion moving along, "tramped every foot of the territory covered by Mrs. Jackson," interviewing the people she had interviewed, photographing the scenes she had photographed, and "sifting the evidence" she had collected. His thick tome on the Ramona country is still a standard item in all Southern California libraries. For twenty-five years, the chambers of commerce of the southland kept this fantastic promotion alive and flourishing. When interest seemed to be lagging, new stories were concocted. Thus on March 7, 1907, the Los Angeles Times featured, as a major news item, a story about "Condino, the newly discovered and only child of Ramona." In 1921, the enterprising Chamber of Commerce of Hemet, California, commissioned Garnet Holme to write a pageant about Ramona. Each year since 1921 the pageant has been produced in late April or

early May in the heart of the Ramona country by the Chamber of Commerce. At the last count, 200,000 people had witnessed it.

The legendary quality of Mrs. Jackson's famous novel came about through the amazing way in which she made elegant pre-Raphaelite characters out of Ramona and "the half-breed Alessandro." Such Indians were surely never seen upon this earth. Furthermore, the story extolled the Franciscans in the most fulsome manner and placed the entire onus of the mistreatment of the Indians upon the noisy and vulgar Gringos. At the same time, the sad plight of Ramona and Alessandro got curiously mixed up, in the telling, with the plight of the "fine old Spanish families." These fine old Spanish families, who were among the most flagrant exploiters of the Indian in Southern California, appeared in the novel as only slightly less considerate of his welfare than the Franciscans. Despite its legendary aspects, however, the Ramona version of the Indians of Southern California is now firmly implanted in the mythology of the region. It is this legend which largely accounts for the "sacred" as distinguished from the "profane" history of the Indian in Southern California.

It should be said to Mrs. Jackson's credit, however, that she did arouse a momentary flurry of interest in the Mission Indians. Her report on these Indians, which appeared in all editions of *A Century of Dishonor* after 1883, is still a valuable document. As a result of her work, Charles Fletcher Lummis founded the Sequoia League in Los Angeles in 1902, "to make better Indians," and, through the activities of the league, the three hundred Indians who were evicted from the Warner Ranch in 1901 were eventually relocated on lands purchased by the government. Aside from

the relocation of these Indians, however, nothing much came of Mrs. Jackson's work in Southern California, for the region accepted the charming Ramona as a folk figure, but completely rejected the Indians still living in the area. A government report of 1920 indicated that 90 per cent of the residents of the sections in which Indians still live in Southern California were wholly ignorant about their Indian neighbors and that deep local prejudice against them still prevailed.

At the sacred level, it is the half-breed Alessandro who best symbolizes the Indian heritage of Southern California. At the secular level, however, one must turn to the local annals to select more appropriate symbols. There is, for example, the character Polonia, an Indian of great stature and strength, whose eyes had been burned out of their sockets. Clad in a tattered blanket, this blind Indian was a familiar figure on the dusty streets of Los Angeles in the '50s and '60s. And there was Viejo Cholo, or Old Half Breed, who wore a pair of linen pantaloons and used a sheet for a mantle. His cane was a broom-handle; his lunch-counter, the swill basket. Viejo Cholo was succeeded as the principal Indian eccentric of Los Angeles by another half-breed, Pinikahti. A tiny man, Pinikahti was only four feet in height. Badly pock-marked, he had a flat nose and stubby beard. He was generally attired, notes Harris Newmark, "in a well-worn straw hat, the top of which was missing, and his long, straight hair stuck out in clumps and snarls. A woolen undershirt and a pair of overalls completed his costume, while his toes, as a rule, protruded from his enormous boots." Playing Indian tunes on a flute made out of reeds from the bed of the Los Angeles River, Pinikahti used to dance in the streets of the town for pennies, nickels, and dimes, or

a glass of aguardiente. Polonia, Viejo Cholo and Pinikahti—these are the real symbols of the Indian heritage of Southern California.

III

With the great Anglo invasion of Southern California after 1880, the Spanish background of the region was for a time almost wholly forgotten. "For many years," wrote Harry Carr, "the traditions of Los Angeles were junked by the scorn of the conquering gringos. When I was a school-boy in Los Angeles, I never heard of Ortega or Gaspar de Portola or Juan Bantista de Anza." And then, with the publication of *Ramona*, the Spanish background began to be rediscovered, with the same false emphasis and from the same crass motives that had characterized the rediscovery of the Indian. Both rediscoveries, that of the Indian and that of the Spaniard, occurred between 1883 and 1888, at precisely the period when the great real estate promotion of Southern California was being organized.

Insofar as the Spanish saga is concerned, it all began in 1888 when, as John A. Berger has written, "the romantic people of Southern California," under the leadership of Charles Fletcher Lummis, formed an Association for the Preservation of the Missions (which later became the Landmarks Club). With the gradual restoration of the Missions, a highly romantic conception of the Spanish period began to be cultivated, primarily for the benefit of the incoming tides of tourists, who were routed to the Missions much as they were routed to the mythical site of *Ramona's* birthplace.

A flood of books began to appear about the Missions, with Mrs. Jackson's *Glimpses of California and the Missions*

(1883) being the volume that inspired the whole movement. It was followed, after a few years, by George Wharton James' *In and Out of the Old Missions*, which, for a quarter of a century, was the "classic" in this field. My own guess would be that not a year has passed since 1900 without the publication of some new volume about the Missions. Not only has a library of books been written about the Missions, but each individual Mission has had its historians. Books have been written about the architecture of the Missions; about the Mission bells; about the Franciscans (notably Father Junipero Serra, a popular saint in Southern California); and about the wholly synthetic Mission furniture. In fact, the Mission-Spanish background of



the region has been so strongly emphasized that, as Max Miller has written, "the past is almost as scrambled as the present, and almost as indefinite . . . the whole thing got mixed up." With each new book about the Missions came a new set of etchings and some new paintings. In 1880, William Keith painted all of the Missions of California. He was followed by the artist Ford, of Santa

Barbara, who, in 1890, completed his etchings of the Franciscan establishments. Since 1890, the Missions have been painted by Jorgenson, Edward Deakin, Alexander F. Harmer, William Sparks, Gutzon Borglum, Elmer Wachtel, Minnie Tingle, and a host of other artists.

In 1902, Frank Miller, owner of the Glenwood Cottage Inn at Riverside, with funds provided by Henry Huntington, began to construct the famous Mission Inn. Designed by Myron Hunt, the Mission Inn was built wing by wing around the old adobe Glenwood Cottage, until the new structure covered an entire block. Once completed, the Inn gave the initial fillip to Mission architecture, so-called, and soon Missionesque and Moorish structures began to dot the Southern California landscape. It was here, in the Mission Inn, that John Steven McGroarty wrote the *Mission Play*, for which he was deservedly decorated by the Pope. The play had its premiere at San Gabriel on a warm spring evening, April 29, 1912, under the sponsorship of the Princess Lazarovic-Hrebrelanovic of Serbia, with a cast of "one hundred descendants of the Old Spanish families." On the opening night, "queer chugging noises filled the air and the acrid smoke from burnt gasoline floated over the ancient Mission and the little adobes that nestled around it. It was the first big outpouring of automobiles that San Gabriel had ever had." The elite of Southern California turned out, en masse, for the premiere. The play, of course, was an enormous success. McGroarty boasted that it had been seen by 2,500,000 people—a world's record. During the sixteen consecutive seasons that it played at San Gabriel Mission, over 2,600 performances were recorded. Later the play was institutionalized, under official sponsorship, and became an enormous tourist

attraction. A tourist who went to California and failed to see Catalina Island, Mt. Wilson, and the *Mission Play* was considered to have something wrong with his head. In recognition of his great services to the expanding real estate industry of Southern California, "Singing John," the songster of the green Verdugo hills, was made poet laureate of California on May 17, 1933. Needless to say, the play perpetuated the Helen Hunt Jackson version of the Indians, the Spanish Dons, and the Franciscans.

As a curious postscript to the growth of this amazing legend, it should be pointed out that the Catholic Church played virtually no role whatever in the Ramona-Mission revival in Southern California, which, from its inception, was a strictly Protestant promotion. As a matter of fact, Abbot Kinney, who took Mrs. Jackson through the Indian country in the '80s, later wrote that "the archbishops, bishops, and priests of those days were not, as a rule, much concerned about the condition of the Indians (theoretically still wards of the Church) and the old Mission churches. Many of them were Catalans, who had little or no sympathy with the high ideals of the noble Franciscans. We actually found some of these priests, or those in higher authority, selling part of the lands that had originally been held by the Franciscans in trust for the Indians—not one foot of which belong to the Church." With the exception of a few Irish priests, such as Father Joseph O'Keefe and Father John O'Sullivan, the Catholic Church did not figure prominently in the movement to restore the Missions. Even today, the expensively restored Missions, as J. Russell Smith has pointed out, are "little more than carefully preserved historical curiosities and penny-catchers." Since McGroarty was a converted Catholic, however, it can be said

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that through this faithful son the Church did exert considerable influence on the formation of the Mission Legend.

"Why is it," asked James L. Duff some years ago in *The Commonweal*, "that such a distinctly non-Catholic city as Los Angeles should evince such a consistent emotional preoccupation with its Catholic past?" Scrutinizing the local directory, Mr. Duff reported that the word "mission" was to be found as part of the corporate name of over a hundred business enterprises in Los Angeles. He was also surprised to find that such expressions as "in the days of the Dons," and "in the footsteps of the padres," had become community colloquialisms in Southern California. The dominantly Catholic city of San Francisco, with its Mission Dolores, has never been greatly interested in the Missions. The incongruity is greater by reason of the fact that Los Angeles is not merely non-Catholic; it can scarcely be called a California city, except in a geographical sense. It is a "conglomeration" of newcomers and has always had the lowest percentage of native-born Californians of any city in the State. Paradoxically, the less Catholic a community is in Southern California, the more the Mission past has been emphasized. The incongruity, however, is never noticed. Not one of the numerous Pope-baiting fundamentalist pastors of Southern California has ever objected to this community-wide adoration of the Missions. "Here," writes Mr. Duff, "is a city that is almost militantly non-Catholic, audaciously energetic, worshipping Progress, adulterating the tinsel world of motion pictures, yet looking with dreaming eyes upon a day and a philosophy of life with which it has neither understanding nor communion, vaguely hoping that the emotion it is evoking is nostalgic."

Not only is Los Angeles a non-Catholic city, but, popular legend to the con-

trary, it is not a city of churches. Recently, the Los Angeles Times published an editorial under the caption: "What! No Church Bells?" The occasion was the May 13th celebration of VE-Day when, much to the astonishment of the Times, it was discovered that "church bells are exceedingly scarce in Los Angeles." At the present time, a movement is under way, sponsored by the Times, to bring church bells to Los Angeles, so that "thousands of residents of Los Angeles who formerly lived in Eastern and Mid-western states" may "on the clear Sabbath mornings" be called to worship by the pealing of bells. "To hear that call again," comments the Times, "in their new home, would tend to keep them in touch with their childhood and with the simple, comforting faith with which childhood is blessed, but which sometimes is neglected and all but forgotten"—particularly in Southern California.

With the rediscovery of the Catholic-Mission past, the same split occurred in the Spanish tradition of the region as in its Indian background. Just as Ramona and Alessandro became the sacred symbols of the Indian past, so the Spanish Dons, rather than the Mexicano paisanos, became the sacred symbols of the Spanish past. A glance at almost any of the popular novels of Stewart Edward White will show, for example, how the romantic side of this tradition has been emphasized to the detriment—in fact to the total neglect—of its realistic latter-day manifestations. Despite all the restorations, revivals, pageants, plays, paintings, museum collections, and laboriously gathered materials about this Spanish past, it was not until 1945 that a serious effort was launched to teach Spanish, as a language of the region, in the public schools.

Today there is scarcely a community in Southern California, however, that

does not have its annual "Spanish fiesta," of which the Santa Barbara Fiesta is the most impressive. Attending one of the early Santa Barbara fiestas, Duncan Aikman reported that "every man, woman, and child who owed any allegiance to Santa Barbara was in costume. . . . Shoe salesmen and grocery clerks served you

ance." Once the fiesta is over, however, the Mexicans retreat to their *barrios*; the costumes are carefully put away for the balance of the year; and the grotesque Spanish spoken in the streets during the fiesta is heard no more. This particular attempt to revive the Mexican "Fiesta de la Primavera," like most similar at-



with a bit of scarlet braid on their trouser seams. Paunchy realtors and insurance solicitors full of mental mastery dashed about town in gaudy sashes. Deacons of the total immersion sects sported, at the least, a bit of crimson frill around their hat bands. High school boys scurried by, their heads gorgeously bound in scarfs and bandanas. . . . The very street-car conductors wore Spanish epaulettes and ear-rings and a look of grievance even more bitter than usual. Women wore mantillas and an apparently official uniform in the way of a waist of yellow, black and scarlet, so universally that you could tell the outland females by their native American costumes. The Mexican population dug up its old finery and musical instruments and paraded the sidewalks with the timid air of reasserting their importance after long abey-

tempts in Southern California, was first launched in the mid '20s, its immediate motivation in Santa Barbara being the popularly-sensed need to inject a note of good cheer in the Santa Barbarans after the earthquake of 1924. The Santa Barbara fiesta is often high-lighted by some extraordinary antic. Some years ago, for example, Cedric Gibbons and Dolores del Rio of the motion-picture colony, dressed in fiesta costumes, astride their handsome Palominos, were the first couple to be married-on-horseback, a type of marriage ceremony now a regular feature of the fiesta.

About the most incongruous ceremonial revival of this sort in Southern California is the annual ride of the *Rancheros Visitadores*. This particular revival is based on the alleged practice of the *rancheros* in former years of making

the round of the ranchos in the area, paying a visit to each in turn. "In May, 1930," to quote from the Santa Barbara Guide, "some sixty-five riders assembled for the first cavalcade. Golden Palominos and proud Arabian thoroughbreds, carrying silver-mounted tack, brushed stirrups with shaggy mustangs from the range. Emerging from the heavy gray mist of a reluctant day, they cantered with casual grace down the old familiar trails of the Santa Ynez, to converge in Santa Barbara. . . . Here, amid the tolling of bells, the tinkling of trappings, and the whinnying of horses, the brown-robed friars blessed them and bade them 'Vayan con dios.' . . . This was the start of the first revival of the annual ride of the *Rancheros Visitadores*."

Since this auspicious beginning, the affair has steadily increased in pomp and circumstance. Nowadays it is invariably reported in the Southern California press as a major event of the year. A careful scrutiny of the names of these fancily dressed *visitadores*—these gaily costumed Rotarians—reveals that Leo Carrillo is about the only rider whose name carries a faint echo of the past, and he is about as Mexican as the ceremony is Spanish. Ostensibly a gay affair, the annual ride represents a rather grim and desperate effort to escape from the bonds of a culture that neither satisfies nor pleases. Actually there is something rather pathetic about the spectacle of these frustrated business men cantering forth in search of ersatz week-end romance, evoking a past that never existed to cast some glamor on an equally unreal today.

All attempted revivals of Spanish folkways in Southern California are similarly ceremonial and ritualistic, a part of the sacred rather than the profane life of the region. The 3,279 Mexicans who live in

Santa Barbara are doubtless more bewildered by these annual Spanish hijinks than any other group in the community. For here is a community that generously and lavishly supports the "Old Spanish Fiesta"—and the wealth of the *rancheros visitadores* is apparent for all to see—but which consistently rejects proposals to establish a low-cost housing project for its Mexican residents. There is really nothing inconsistent about this attitude, however, for it merely reflects the manner in which the sacred aspects of the romantic past have been completely divorced from their secular connotations. The residents of Santa Barbara firmly believe, of course, that the Spanish past is dead—extinct—vanished. In their thinking, the Mexicans living in Santa Barbara have no connection with this past. They just happen to be living in Santa Barbara. To be sure, many of them have names such as Cota or Gutierrez that should stir memories of the *dolce far niente* period. But these names are no longer important. They belong to the profane, and happily forgotten, side of the tradition. The sacred side of this tradition, however, as represented in the beautifully restored Mission, is worshipped by all alike without regard to caste, class, or religious affiliation. The restored Mission is a much better, a less embarrassing, symbol of the past than the Mexican field worker or the ragamuffin pachucos of Los Angeles.

This is a chapter from Carey McWilliams' forthcoming book, Southern California: Island on the Land. It will be one of the American Folkways series, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce and edited by Erskine Caldwell.

The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.

SHRINE OF APRICOTS

MILLA Z. LOGAN

THERE were several families of "Amerikantzi" on our street, and they were all neighborly people, in their way.

The women in our Serbian family smiled and exchanged courteous observations on the weather with their women. Even Baba Yané, who couldn't speak English, managed to express goodwill by nodding and saluting as she walked down the street. On saints' days and holidays I ran from one house to another carrying napkin-covered plates from our feast table.

All this cordiality on our part was purely for the sake of working our way into the esteem of these unaccountable American strangers. Behind our amiability we were afraid of the Amerikantzi and we couldn't understand their unnatural composure.

Our fear took many forms, mainly that they would make fun of us for shouting when we talked and for expressing our more impassioned thoughts with our hands.

"Put your hands in your pockets," my mother whispered in the butcher's shop when Teta Yela drew a balloon in front of her stomach to describe her sister-in-law's advanced pregnancy.

"Who wants a book without pictures?" Teta Yela answered with grand unconcern, but looking around at the same time to see if the Amerikantzi were tittering.

We didn't understand them. Even though they seemed friendly, they were always doing strange, cold-hearted things like letting out-of-town friends stay in hotels and eat in restaurants. Some of

their habits made them seem untrustworthy. Teta Lubé didn't approve of their using baking powder instead of a dozen or so eggs in cakes. She thought this indicated a tight-fistedness, as well as a palate for trash. She could detect even a pinch of baking powder in the complimentary cakes they sent us, and she would be ill unless she spat the "trial" mouthful out.

Baba Yané harped darkly on what would happen to American men if they didn't stop doing household chores. "Look! Come here quick! Run, Olga, Yela, Lubé, Eva!" She summoned everyone to the window when she caught a neighbor's husband hanging out diapers.

"Probably washed them, too," Teta Eva suggested, making a face.

"I could be black in the face with typhus, and my Yovo wouldn't wash out a handkerchief," Teta Yela boasted.

"Nor Spiro mine." Teta Eva hastened to match her. "He wouldn't make a cup of coffee for himself to keep body and soul together." Each tried to outdo the others in bragging of her man's virile superiority to housework. The upshot of the discussion was, for the hundredth time, that the Amerikantzi were a hard people to figure out.

The barriers between us might have given more readily if we had been French, Italian, Spanish, or even Armenian—anything less obscure than Serbian. This was before an unimportant young Serbian boy fired the shot in Sarajevo that started World War I, and the nearest our Ameri-

can neighbors could come to identifying us was to write us off as Siberians or Syrians. When we stood our ground and insisted that we were Serbs, all kinds of possibilities suggested themselves.

Was our language like German? Did we eat pork? Could our men in the old country have more than one wife?

"They seem surprised that we have ten toes and fingers," my mother said. "Well, what can you do? It's their country and they can do as they want. It's our part to try to get along with them. I believe in being polite and friendly, but it doesn't pay to mix."

We had no trouble sticking to this policy until my teacher in the high second grade stormed our Chinese wall. Miss Bill was a leader in get-together movements among the teachers. She organized a community lunch room where they all cooked and ate, and she signed them up for Saturday matinees and hikes in Marin County. After she got the seed of sociability planted among the teachers, she began to get busy with the parents of her pupils. Her first project was a Mother's Club, with a president, secretary, sergeant-at-arms, and regular business meetings, followed by tea and refreshments.

She wrote an invitation on the blackboard and each pupil copied it to take home. It took me all afternoon to get mine to fit on a half sheet of paper and to keep my lines from going uphill. This seemed like a senseless piece of hypocrisy to me since my mother knew very well I wasn't in the habit of dashing off blot-free, informal notes like this.

I gave her the note at the afternoon coffee table. She read it and brushed it away as if it were a religious tract.

"It's an invitation to come to a meeting of all the mothers in my class," I insisted, "next Tuesday afternoon. Tea and cakes."

"Invitation to an afternoon nap," Teta Yela said. "Who wants to go?"

"Tell them you already belong to a club that meets for coffee every afternoon at three," Teta Eva advised.

"Tea," Baba Yané sneered. "Thins the blood."

I knew my mother wouldn't accept the invitation because in addition to not wanting to mix with the Amerikantzi she thought my school was dull. She was annoyed with the teachers for making me study arithmetic, and she couldn't see why they didn't take us to the beach on sunny days. She wrote Miss Bill a gracious note and explained that "only chronic bad health" could keep her away from such "a delightful gathering."

Miss Bill was disappointed when she read my mother's note, and she sent an answer back that very afternoon. "I want the other mothers to meet you," she wrote. "They have heard so much about you. How you look like Nazimova and remind one of Anna Karenina."

My mother was amused by the reference to Nazimova but the part about Karenina worried her. All she could remember about Tolstoi's heroine was her Great Transgression. "I think I had better go," she said, reading the letter over.

Then she became uneasy. "What will I have to talk about with those women?" she asked the Tetas desperately.

"Just tell them 'no spik' and they will leave you alone," Teta Lubé suggested.

But my mother could "spik" carefully and pleasingly, with only a struggle with the "th" sound to give her away. She was precise about her diction and was always writing to English departments of colleges for the last word on preferred pronunciations. She never used slang and watched my language carefully for it and other slips. This was all to the good because I had just learned to speak English the year before, when I started school. She didn't seem to notice it when I picked up "damn" from Stefano, but she tried out

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several punishments to keep me from answering "sure."

Teta Lubé thought my mother could stand up better under the experience if she bought some new clothes. This was Teta Lubé's solution to all troubles, and for once my mother gave in to her. They bought a blue tricot tailored suit with a long slender coat and a slit skirt. Teta Lubé felt that a nutria scarf and muff would also help my mother through the ordeal, but the shopping spree ended with the suit and a lace blouse with a high whalebone collar.

Meanwhile we were making elaborate preparations in school for the meeting of the club. After the business meeting and the election of officers, there would be an entertainment period starring members of the class in recitations, songs, and folk dancing.

I wasn't disappointed for myself when I wasn't chosen to recite or sing, but I was sorry for my mother's sake. I thought she might feel less like an outsider if I had a part in the program. Anyway, I would be in the Virginia Reel with the others.

It was a nice surprise when, the day before the meeting, the teacher said I was to sing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by myself.

The way it happened was this. During the singing period when the class was doing "The Gem" in unison, Miss Bill strolled up and down the aisles lowering her head at each desk to make sure every child was singing the words instead of making "la-la" sounds. When she came to me, she made the class sing the song over again and she listened at my desk the whole time. When the last treble cheers for the Red, White and Blue died down, she said I was to sing the number, solo, at the meeting.

"I'm going to sing 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,' all by myself tomorrow," I announced when I got home.

"Will have to be the same tune as 'My country 'tis of thee,'" Teta Yela said to my mother. "She sings all songs in that tune, even 'Up, up in the air.'"

"I can't see why they picked her to sing," my mother puzzled. "There must be children with better voices."

"No, sir," I shook my head emphatically and got a rap on my knuckles for the expression. "Miss Bill listened to every single one sing 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean' and I was the best."

"Something funny about that," Teta Lubé observed.

"I wouldn't worry," Teta Yela comforted my mother. "Won't be anybody there to hear her but Amerikantzi."

"And you never hear of them getting into grand opera," Teta Lubé concluded.

Mother and I left the house together after lunch the next day. She was depressed at the table and wished she hadn't promised to go. She was afraid to eat anything because Teta Lubé had riddled every dish with garlic.

Djedé Luka bit into a kernel of garlic and winked at my mother. "Meat certainly gives this garlic good flavor," he said.

"Might as well eat it as sit here and get the smell of it in my hair," my mother said gloomily. But she stuck to her ham and eggs. "Won't hurt me for once," she said.

Before we left, everybody gave advice and encouragement.

"Come right home if they start saying prayers," Djedé Luka ordered.

"You look like a queen," Teta Lubé said, pinning a camelia on my mother's suit. "If they could see you in the old country, they would make you president of their club."

On our way to school, we saw a little girl who sat in front of me. She was with her mother, and they turned around as if waiting for us to catch up with them.

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"Let's wait in this drug store until they get far ahead of us," my mother said.

When we got to school, we separated. I went to my classroom and my mother went to the recreation hall.

Miss Bill ran back and forth between the two rooms, and when it was time for us to make our appearance, she marched us in, two by two. The mothers were sitting in rows of chairs, and we sat opposite them on benches. My mother was sitting in the second row, next to a window with several chairs between her and her neighbors. The other mothers were talking and laughing in small groups and tossing little jokes from one row to another.

Miss Bill rapped for attention and announced that the first number would be community singing of "My country 'tis of thee." Then the program began in earnest with a recitation. It was a sad poem addressed on behalf of the class to our mothers. The smartest little girl in the grade was chosen to deliver it. The idea of the poem was that it was many years hence, and all our mothers were dead. Our spokesman, who took the part of a grown, silver-haired woman ("weary of flinging my soul wealth away," the poem said), called to our mothers to "come back from that echoless shore."

"Come from the silence so long and so deep,

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"

she pleaded, her arms outstretched in supplication.

Some of the mothers wiped their eyes. Mine perked up and began to look as if she were glad she had come.

There was a monologue in broken English by a little boy who impersonated a workman called Tony. Then Miss Bill cleared more space between the mothers and the class, so that we could line up for the Virginia Reel. The music stirred my blood; I couldn't wait to get into ac-

tion. I put more fervor into this dance than the other children because, as I understood it, "If a body meet a body, coming through the rye" was "Get a party, get a party, going through the rye." This interpretation made my dance movements intense, my impression being that I was hotly pursuing a fugitive through fields of rye.

My solo number came after a recitation by a red-haired boy who jerked convulsively through what should have been a calm rendition of "Oh, Mother, how pretty the moon is tonight." When he finished, he whispered for permission to leave the room.

When my turn came, I stepped over the feet of the classmates on my bench and made a low bow to the mothers. I waited for Miss Bill to play the opening chords and sniffed air into my lungs for the first two lines.

"Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,

The ho-ome of the brave and the free,"

I piped. I was out of breath after this effort, and Miss Bill stopped so that I could get in shape for the next two lines. "Come out loud and strong with the next line," she prompted me.

I put all the volume I had into it.

"The shrine of each apricot's devotion,"

I boomed. Miss Bill stopped playing and everyone started to laugh as if there would be no end to the fun.

"Somebody behind me did something funny," I thought and looked around. But every child on the benches was laughing too, and at me. I felt quickly around my waist to see if my pants were unbuttoned. The audience interpreted my gesture and went into new convulsions. I looked at my mother. She was sitting straight and pale and looking at the other mothers as if she couldn't make up her mind whether to hate them or to pity them.

Miss Bill took my hand and led me

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back to my seat on the bench. "We'll finish this some other time," she said.

"Apricot's devotion," the little girl next to me jeered. "Apricot is a fruit! You eat apricots!"

"Doesn't know the difference between apricots and patriots!" a boy behind me hooted.

How could I have been so stupid? I knew what a patriot was! A tough Montenegrin soldier. Nobody was better acquainted with patriots than I. We had pictures of them all over the house. There could have been some excuse for my not knowing some other English word but not this one.

The last recitation was beginning. It was by the dream-child of the class—a fairy-like little girl who acted on the real stage. Her mother called for her after school every day and took her for ballet lessons and classic dancing. In the evening she put rouge on her face and danced with other actress children in a big theatre down town. In my daydreams I turned myself into this curly-headed wonder child and floated from one footlight triumph to another.

Now she was reciting in a deep voice, not at all like a little girl's, "Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!" Her arms pushed against the air so naturally I could see the waves rising and scattering on the beach. When she came to the part about "The sailor lad that sings in his boat on the bay," she tossed her head back as if she were shouting a sea chantey over the din of the surf. I was enthralled, but none of the mothers seemed to be listening. They were whispering to each other and smiling at me. One mother threw me a kiss. All the way through this star performance of the day, I, and not the actress child, was the center of attention. I couldn't understand it. They weren't laughing at me, either.

After we sang "The Star Spangled Ban-

ner," everybody got up to go. There was a shuffling of chairs and all the women swarmed around my mother.

"Does that adorable child belong to you?" the mother of the red-headed boy asked. I thought she must mean the little actress girl, but I was hanging onto my mother and so there could be no mistake.

"She's the cutest thing I ever saw," another woman said. "I could have squeezed the life out of her when she stood up there."

Cute, me cute? I couldn't believe they really meant me. I wished I hadn't worn my glasses. Everybody hung around my mother and congratulated her on having such a "darling" child.

"Miss Bill says she has spoken English for only a little over a year," one of the mothers marveled. "You mustn't let her forget her other language."

We had to talk to so many people that we were the last to leave. Outside, we met the little girl and her mother, the two we had ducked into the drug store to avoid. The mother introduced herself. "You were both so popular I didn't get a chance to talk to you inside," she said. "We hear so much about your little girl at home."

My mother smiled politely and paid her a compliment on her little girl. She was very pleasant, but it was the same old manner she always used with the Amerikantzi. I hoped she wouldn't try to get out of walking up the street with them.

"We turn up Vallejo Street," the little girl's mother said. "Do you?"

My mother looked uncertainly down into my eager face. We always went the other way to avoid the steep hills.

"Sure," my mother said.

This is the sixth of a series of sketches Milla Logan is writing for COMMON GROUND about her childhood in the Serbian American colony in San Francisco.

I CAN TAKE IT—BUT SHOULD I HAVE TO?

BY A JEWISH AMERICAN

SOCIAL prejudice is no monopoly of ignorance or cultural dearth. It is deeply entrenched even among the enlightened, and it is opaque to sweetness and light. It is most ugly in a context of culture, among those to whom leisure, study, and association with the great spirits of Western civilization should have given largeness of mind and heart lifting them above folk prejudices.

The scene is a pleasant homelike room. It has an air of unpretentious but firm friendliness. The occasion is a gathering in honor of a celebrity who has just given a reading from his works. Among the guests is a distinguished scholar. His books are used in college classes throughout the country. He himself has been associated with a great university which prides itself on its gentility and its humane culture. Here, surely, is a mind that sees life whole, a mind above mean prejudice, that thinks in terms of large and living ideals, not stereotypes and stock responses.

I am introduced to him by name. This is important, for my name is definitely "Jewish." From the start, we seem to hit it off well. We have a mutual academic friend, whom both of us admire. Both of us, too, question some of the emendations in a recent edition of a noted author, of whom my new scholar-acquaintance is a close student. Both of us, moreover, are amused at the eccentricities of still another worker in the same field.

"Have you ever met him in person?"

exclaims the eminent man, with satiric vivacity.

"No, I haven't."

"Well, let me try to suggest to you, in a nutshell, what he's like."

The professor, trained to dramatic climax, hesitates for a moment, hand poised, fingers feeling for the brief dart that will pin the quarry. Then he fiercely snaps out: "He's a—he's a nasty little Jew!"

His eyes flash, and he hurls the epithet with satisfaction—this professor of the humanities. He allows no doubt as to how he means it. He does not give most stress to the nasty. That would leave room for at least the possibility that there might be, somewhere in this universe, among the millions of inhabitants of the globe, at least one non-nasty Jew—say one having my name. No, this expert in the phrase throws equal emphasis upon the *nasty*, the *little*, and the *Jew*. As unreconstructed Southerners treat the words *damn* and *Yankee*, so this cultivated scholar makes a single compound noun of the three separate words.

The syllogistic implications of his damning phrase are these: *All Jews are little and nasty. X is a Jew. Therefore, X is nasty.* The very fact of X's being Jewish makes him nasty.

There is no appeal from this remorseless logic.

I could multiply instances of the pervasiveness of prejudice among the cultivated. But that would be no new story.

I CAN TAKE IT—BUT SHOULD I HAVE TO?

And it is not what I am getting at. What I want to do is answer: *How does it feel to be at the receiving end? How does one take it?*

How did I feel when my new acquaintance brought our friendly chat to a morbid climax with his “nasty little Jew?” I might have shriveled up. I might have felt like fleeing and crawling into the first hole I came to. For am I not little, am I not a Jew, and must I not, therefore, be nasty?

Or I might have experienced the opposite extreme—surges of anger, a desire to counter thrust with thrust. I might have asked the epithet-maker if he had heard my name when we were introduced, and repeated it, very distinctly. With elaborate irony, I might have assured the gentleman I would at once relieve him of my nasty little presence and turned my back and walked away.

Or I might have experienced a mixture of these two extremes of response, which would have left me confused, all twisted up inside.

Actually I had none of these experiences. I found that I could take it—and without being thrown off balance. Though the enjoyment of congenial talk was gone, I made a few further remarks, quite colorless, and took an early opportunity to move on to another guest. Not that I was thick-skinned. The barb, though not meant for me, had penetrated. But it was not the first. Numerous similar experiences, extending back to my earliest memories, had toughened me.

There was the panic of a hot afternoon when I was about six. My playmate, Tony, was pretending he was an army scout in Indian country. I was supposed to be one of the enemy. But we had formed a temporary truce and were setting up a tent in a field which to me was remote from home.

Tony’s immigrant parents must have brought with them to America old-world antipathies toward the Jew. And by some alchemy, Tony’s role as pursuer of Indians was transmuted into his ancestral role, dating from the Dark Ages and the Roman Empire, of persecutor of Jews. For suddenly he raised the hatchet with which he had been pounding tent stakes, and brandished it threateningly near my bent-over head. He jumped up and down, dancing around me, and broke into a chant: *Christ killer! Christ killer!*

At first, he grinned mischievously as he chanted. Then he leered: his face twisted into an evil grimace. He became fierce, almost hysterical, and spit flecked his lips. Some of it struck me.

Older, bigger, and much more robust than I, Tony looked to me like a beast of prey. A terror seized me. I leaped up and away from him, and began to run through the tall grass in the direction of home. The wiry grass kept tripping me; but I stumbled on, and cried for help. Meanwhile, my playmate of a few moments before gave chase, still brandishing the hatchet, still shouting *Christ killer! Christ killer!*

Finally I got to the street where my family lived and where we had our store. My panic subsided. Yet long after I had reached the safety of the store itself and had hid behind the barricade of rolls of linoleum and straw matting, with my back pressed against a pile of mattresses, I was all aquiver. That experience put its stamp upon me.

So did a practice of the gang to which I belonged when I was about nine. Perhaps “belonged” is not the right word. True, though none of them was Jewish, the boys of their own free will took me into the gang, taught me their yodel, welcomed me into their hideouts. And for weeks after my initiation, I felt myself altogether one of them. But every

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so often, and for a reason I was slow to grasp, they would become aloof. They would pull away from me and talk in low voices among themselves. They would fall silent and stare at me if I tried to join them, or they would become intensely absorbed in throwing stones at imaginary squirrels. Or else one of them, bigger and stronger than I, after a secret powwow and as though by general agreement, would suddenly try to pick a fight with me.

Usually I tried to avoid fighting. My parents had forbidden it, but that was not the only deterrent. I had no stomach for physical clashes—especially when I had to face opponents experienced and physically my superiors. Yet several times I fought. It was the provocation to one of these conflicts that revealed to me what was going on behind scenes. For, in egging me on, the boy who was taunting me called me a “dirty little Jew.”

I pitched into the name-caller and much to his surprise, and my own, too, I got him down. There was horse dung on the road, fairly fresh and within my reach. I seized some of it and rubbed it on his face. I even tried, but unsuccessfully, to make him eat it—like making him eat the dirty name he had flung at me.

My unexpected triumph sent my spirits soaring as I hurried home to a supper for which the fight had made me late. Not even the thought of having to explain my tardiness, of accounting for my soiled sweater and trousers and ripped stockings, of explaining the horsey odor that clung to me, could check my exultation. Nor did the scolding I got when I finally reached home. It was not until late that night when I had got to bed that my spirits slumped and I felt an emptiness. Suddenly I was aware of what had happened. I had lost my gang. I didn't really belong, after all. I couldn't

trust them—ever. From now on, I must avoid the fellows I had thought were my pals.

Against my own impulse, I kept to myself. I did not join them on the way to and from school or during recess. Since there were no other Jewish boys in my part of town, and since I had no brothers and only a sister older than I, I tried to amuse myself with games I could play alone.

These games were self-devised. In the upper crotch of a tall and sturdy tree I fashioned a crude crow's nest. Into the base of the fork, I forced a wide board which could serve either as seat or as platform. Above, from branch to branch of the Y, I fixed a horizontal bar. When I stood on the seat, pressed my chest against the crossbar, got a good grip on each of the branches of the Y, and alternately pushed and pulled, I could set the whole upper section of the tree to swaying. Once in motion, I pretended I was high on the mast of a storm-tossed ship, keeping lone watch for land that never appeared. Or I got myself a staff, a rope, and something I called a rucksack, and went mountain climbing on some ledges near home. I was a lone traveler separated from his party, trying in vain to rejoin them. But after a while it did not seem much fun always to be playing alone. I would include two goats, be Robinson Crusoe on his island, and the goats would be Crusoe's. The trouble was I had no man Friday to supplement the animals.

At length the gang came in a group to my house and gave me the signal to come out and join them again. Being a youngster after all, hungry for the fun and companionship of other boys, I did join them—but now with reservations, alert for signs of their changes of mood. My interlude of loneliness had made its impress upon me, as had the name-calling

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and the other circumstances which had introduced me to the world of strife. It had helped condition me to social prejudice.

Then there was my experience as I tried to get a job the summer after graduation from high school. Each morning I studied the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers and set out to hunt up the jobs advertised—with misgivings that developed into nausea as they were repeatedly confirmed. If my interviewer was polite, or kindly, he would say he did not think I would be happy in the job for which I was applying. Or else he would say, "We are sorry. You have good qualifications. Your references speak highly of you. You seem a bright, capable boy. We like you personally; but, well—you see—we have a fixed rule: we don't employ people of your extraction." (The word "racial" might precede the "extraction"; or "nationality" or "religious faith" might be substituted for it.)

Sometimes, however, the interviewer was not so delicate. He would say bluntly, "We don't hire sheenies." Or, "So ya wanna job, huh? Well, there's the door. Beat it. We ain't got no use for kikes."

After two months of search, I finally did get a job—clerk to a group of engravers. I remember one of the men who was regarded as a master at his work, but who was very crabbed. He early let me know he had no use for Jews, and that I was no exception. Yet, when I left my job to go to college and made the rounds to say goodbye, I went up to this man's bench, too. Some of the others had warmly wished me success at college and had said they would miss me. Not this fellow. As though resentful of the intrusion, he barely looked up from the sheet of metal upon which he was at work, and he peered out at me through thick lenses.

"Well, boy," he muttered, "one thing

I must say: you've been a damn' good clerk."

His lips were pursed; his face was screwed into a frown. It seemed to pain him to have to make the admission, however grudgingly couched. And he quickly spat a wad of chewing tobacco into a cuspidor at his feet—as though thereby at once to get rid of the bad taste the words had left in his mouth, and to lend drive to the dislike that lay back of them.

In a few days, as a freshman, I was being oriented to college life. For years I had been feasting on sentimental books about boys at prep. schools and colleges—among them those by Barbour. I looked forward to college as a golden adventure in fun and friendship. Now my dream was to be realized. I was thrilled.

Part of the orientation process was to make the rounds of fraternity houses. This was preliminary to the fraternity rushing. (The procedure, I am told, is better ordered now. Nowadays, at the very outset, those fraternities are named to which the Jewish students are to limit their visits, and to which, by implication, other students need not bother to go. In those days, this thoughtfulness had not yet been shown.) I was assigned to a unit of freshmen who moved together from house to house, according to prearranged schedule. Outwardly calm, I was inwardly excited at the nearness of the romance of fraternity life. Eagerly and unquestioningly, I followed instructions. But soon I learned I might just as well have remained in my room those evenings of fraternity visits.

In one house after another I had a similar experience. As we entered, I would share in the smiles, handshakes, and greetings, warmly though promiscuously bestowed upon us by the brothers. Then some brother would single me out and go to work on me.

Where did I come from? Did I know

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Benson, a brother from my home town? There he was, right over by the fireplace. Chairman of the Prom Committee, and a two-letter athlete besides. Prob'ly next captain of varsity baseball. Yeah, they had quite a few guys like that in their House—C.B.M., Campus Big Men, with emphasis on the Big. Would be a real break for any frosh who joined up with them. He'd have a pull. He'd have the inside track. Studies—that was all the bunk. What counted most was what you did in activities. And also who you knew; and who knew you.

Uh, had I thought of going fraternity? Yeah? Good! That was being smart. That was playing a heads-up game. That was how to go places in college—and afterwards, too. After graduation, fraternity contacts meant a lot to a young fellow just getting started. And, while you were at college, you'd have, in the fraternity, a helluva lot of fun.

Now, what was the name again? There had been too much noise. The knock-downs had been too hurried. And the guy who made them talked like he had a boiled potato in his mouth. What was that? Oh. . . .

I would sense a change. The warmth, the enthusiasm, were gone. Instead, there was a mere echo of cordiality which soon gave way to absent-mindedness, a far-away look, and the mumbling of some pretext that released the brother for more promising game, and left me—alone.

For me the process of orientation became one of alienation. But that was no longer a novelty.

Some years later I was again a freshman. I had returned to school—this time as a teacher. I was happy. I found myself in congenial surroundings. I was one of several bachelors who had the pleasant custom of dining together. We became an intimate group. We looked forward each day to the evening get-together when we

could relax and be our personal selves. Once, over our coffee, we toyed with the notion of traveling abroad during the summer vacation—even though we realized we probably couldn't afford that luxury.

Someone exclaimed, "Even if you could afford it, you wouldn't want to go first class."

"Why not?"

"Because that's the way the Jews go."

I kept quiet; but my memory went back to the gang when I was a kid. After the intimacy, alienation; later, camaraderie again—yet with reservations. That was how it would have to be again. Granted there were Jews who made unpleasant, even disagreeable, traveling companions, just as there were Gentiles of the same sort. And granted my companion meant no personal reflection upon me—perhaps. Perhaps. But how could I be sure? If he felt that way about Jews in general, how could I be sure he did not really feel that way about me, too? And what about the others? After all, in time even a pet Jew wears out his welcome. Then what?

So far as the giver of the travel advice was concerned, my misgivings were later deepened to near-certainty. Several Jewish students requested a confidential interview with me. In class, they said, one of their teachers kept presenting illustrative anecdotes of which Jews were altogether too often the butts, in which they were too often the profiteering, law-evading, law-breaking villains. The pupils who lodged this complaint insisted that they wanted to be good sports. They tried to take jokes as jokes. Still, to their mind, the stories too frequently had a vicious, anti-Jewish turn, and the teller's own excessive laughter as he concluded them was not exactly reassuring.

Even their Gentile friends in the course had commented in disgust on this special feature of class discussions. They had said something ought to be done about it. So

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the Jewish pupils wanted to know what, indeed, could, or should, be done. Was the teacher really anti-Semitic? And, if so, ought they to take his insults lying down? Or ought they, in the name of self-respect and fair play, to protest to the teacher himself? To the principal? To the school authorities of the town? In the columns of the local newspapers? Ought they publicly to denounce him as a bigot?

I was in a quandary. Professional ethics discourage a teacher's joining with pupils against a fellow-teacher. What was more, the colleague against whom they were protesting was one of my dining companions. Besides, even the pupils could not prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he had malicious intent in his jokes. Yet the teacher in question was the one who had asserted in justifying his counsel against first-class boat travel abroad, "That's the way the Jews go."

After some reflection, I made a mental note to try to get a mutual friend to have a talk with the man. He ought to know how the class felt about his practice of jokes at the expense of Jews. Perhaps he could be induced to give up his pastime and adopt some other colorful method of illustration. But in my advice to the questioning students I gave him once more the benefit of the doubt. I said that the teacher who troubled them probably had an odd sense of humor. Nothing more. At worst, a lack of tact or taste. I told them to laugh the business off and forget about it. A Scotsman, I pointed out, doesn't get angry every time he hears someone say, "Come on, don't be tight; don't be Scotch."

I may have convinced the students. But I did not altogether convince myself. My guard would have to be up.

Yet how could I condemn myself to keep constantly on the alert? How, for example, could I do so one beautiful day in

June when I was back on the campus of my Alma Mater, for me so rich in memory? I was luxuriating in the expansive atmosphere of commencement and reunions. I met a fellow-alumnus, not Jewish, who pumped my hand as he affectionately called me an old so-and-so, and who at once began enthusiastic reminiscence concerning mutual friends of college days. I inquired about one of them, also not Jewish, of whom both of us had been fond.

"Oh," came the breezy answer, "he's getting along much better since he changed his name!"

"Changed his name?"

"Sure. There's lots of Jews in his business, and it's hurt his sales because his name ended in *witz*. Folks thought his firm Jewish. But now that he's got rid of the *witz*, people don't mistake his name for Jewish, and his business is picking up fast."

A shrewd, practical reason for changing his name. Yet I found myself recalling that, as a student, this business man had been an aggressive liberal—so outspoken in his talk of fair play for the underdog, for the one discriminated against, that the student body, made up largely of Babbitts, had called him a "radical" or a "Red." Now the champion of social justice was playing cozy, acquiescing in prejudice and becoming a party to it, instead of denouncing and battling it. But, hold on. Wasn't I being too severe? You couldn't really ask a man who probably had a family and who must make a living—you couldn't ask him to become a business martyr just to hang on to a foreign-sounding name. Weren't Jews with the identical name-suffix doing what he had done, and for parallel reasons?

Through such reflections I partly dissolved my disappointment in the friend of college days who had been so bitter against social bias and who had talked of fighting so hard against it. But I was

troubled. The pseudo-logic which had made him change his name fell into a formula by this time familiar to me: *Jews have names ending in witz. ---witz must be a Jew. Jews are untrustworthy in business. Therefore ---witz cannot be trusted. Therefore, do not do business with ---witz.*

What struck me was that my fellow-alumnus, who had greeted me so jovially, who had pumped my hand so heartily, subscribed to this sort of thinking. He told the story of the change of name with gusto and obviously thought our friend had been smart. It did not seem to occur to him that the social pressures inducing the change were evil. Neither explicitly, nor by tone, inflection, facial expression, or gesture did he once suggest that he deplored, condemned, or even disagreed with, those who had refused to trade with ---witz because, on the basis of the ending of his name, they concluded he was Jewish. This realization made heavy the atmosphere of reunion and darkened, for me, the fresh green of that June day.

There was another deceptive occasion when it was equally hard to keep myself on the alert. In response to a cordial invitation, I spoke before a religious fellowship on the subject of goodwill, sympathy, and intelligent co-operation in intergroup dealings. After my talk, members of the audience assured me they agreed with me. The hostess, a university clubwoman, a pillar of the church and of society, added hers to the numerous compliments. Then she drew me to one side and whispered confidentially, "Your talk was splendid. And your idea is oh, so important! But there's one thing that troubles me about the Jews. My husband was complaining about it only yesterday evening. He asked me a question, and now I want to put it to you: why are the Jews so sharp and unethical in business? Why can't you trust them?"

The cake I was eating might have been sawdust.

My retrospection has come almost full cycle. I have returned to the gatherings of cultivated people, and thus to the evening when the eminent scholar, seeking to describe his eccentric fellow-specialist, had finally hit upon the "nasty little Jew" epithet. I am back to the question of its impact upon me. I have already confessed that it registered—a palpable hit. But I have also reported that it did not upset me. Previous experiences had prepared me to keep my balance.

For that matter, I already knew several other academic personages who would have pressed my new acquaintance hard in a contest of social bias. Asked if he would attend a lecture to be given by a brilliant and popular young Jewish rabbi, himself formerly a literary scholar, one of these professors had retorted, "Not much! You'd never catch me going to hear a rabbi. Imagine it: being talked to—or at, by a rabbi!" Another had assured his classes that he simply couldn't have his hair cut by a Jewish barber—however skillful he might be. The reason? He couldn't bear to have a Jew get close to him, as the barber would have to.

A third, a belligerent champion of culture and civilization, had said, in all seriousness, "Only Jews are having babies: they do so to dodge the draft." Still another, to emphasize a teaching shortage, had exclaimed to me in a careless moment, "Why, it's so hard to get teachers that Mr. X has had to hire a Mr. Y!" His eyebrows were raised high as he pronounced the name, which, like my own, was decidedly "Jewish."

Such knowledge, and such experiences, whether still remembered or by that evening forgotten, had disciplined me to engage in talk—with reservations; to participate in social affairs—with reservations.

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They had habituated me to entering into social intercourse—even so brief as an exchange of hello's at the corner drug store—with my fingers crossed. By the time of my distasteful chat with the famous scholar, I had repeatedly come to grips with similar social prejudice, had come to handle it as one of the given terms in the theorem of my life. I had come to see that, if I were to work this theorem to successful demonstration, I must operate with that term as a primary datum. I had made considerable headway toward normalizing my experience in relationship to this prejudice, in effecting some sort of equilibrium, however precarious.

That my adaptation to this recurrent factor in my environment has become quite habitual, I freshly realized at a meeting I attended not long ago. A key participant stepped out to make a telephone call. During the lull this caused, one of the men, sitting with his back to me, said to another almost directly facing me, "Go ahead. Tell the one we heard at the dinner last week."

The face of the man addressed got red. He gave a sickly smile and murmured inarticulately.

"Aw, go ahead. It was a beaut."

Still no response. There was a shuffling of feet and a nervous cough or two.

"All right, then. I'll tell it. Once there was this bunch of Jewish lawyers traveling to a legal convention. They—they—uh—uh—"

By this time he sensed the mute pleas of those who had been to the dinner and had heard the story; or else he intercepted a warning signal from some one out of my range. For he lapsed into a spasm of "uhs" and "ers" and embarrassed clearings of his throat, and his voice grew thinner and thinner until he faded out with a sheepish, "Well, I—uh guess I've—uh forgotten it."

There followed an awkward silence that

seemed longer than it was. As for me, I regretted this collapse of the story. If the joke was good-natured, what if it did happen to deal with Jewish lawyers, and I, a Jew, happened to be present? If it really was humorous, I would enjoy it, along with the others. My presence should not make the others so delicate. Or was their reluctance due to troubled conscience rather than regard for my sensibilities? I wished I knew the story. If I knew it, I might prompt the would-be teller—unless the joke were scurrilous; or I might complete it myself, just to let the others know I was a regular fellow, that I could take a joke, that men of goodwill need never feel restrained in my presence. But since I did not know the joke, I said nothing.

Another time, under somewhat similar circumstances, I kept quiet. Several of my socially minded friends, concerned with the problem of juvenile delinquency aggravated by the war, had been discussing youngsters who had got into difficulties and needed help. Finishing one case history, the speaker, in a tone of condescension and the White Man's Burden, asked, as he benevolently beamed around at the rest of us: "And what about young —, our little Jewish friend?"

Other delinquents had had names indicative of their extraction—Irish, German, Italian, Polish, Greek. In no other instance, however, had the speaker designated race, nationality, religious faith, or extraction when he named the individual. Nor did he give such designation when he came to the next case. That youngster had a good old Yankee name. When comments about him were invited, I was strongly tempted to remark, "Oh, our big Yankee friend is getting along no better than our little Jewish friend."

But in that solemn company, I refrained. I chose to keep my peace.

I wonder, now, if I have not had to pay too much for this sort of peace. It

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is peace by appeasement; and I cannot forget the ultimate futility of the Munich Pact, or the tragic events to which it was a humiliating prelude. Besides, I am not alone. There are millions who daily find themselves in my predicament. Within us are set up tensions which, however tough-spirited or self-disciplined we may be, we cannot altogether ignore. At their lightest, they are nagging wisps of uneasiness. At their most severe, they twist like a tornado, and are as devastating.

Either way, social prejudice is bad for all concerned. It corrupts its agents—no less when they pretend to culture than when they are crude. It saps the morale of those against whom it is directed. And,

in addition to its injustice and the heart-ache that it causes, it is shockingly wasteful. It draws off into negative efforts at self-protection energy which might otherwise be directed toward self-fulfillment and the common good. All told, it is a grave threat to that co-operative variety upon which the American hope is predicated.

The author is a native-born Jewish American of immigrant parents. He holds advanced degrees from an American university and has published scholarly as well as general articles. He has been teacher, adviser to youth organizations, and leader of adult discussion groups.

MOTHER AND CHILD

There are American madonnas—mothers of every nationality background under the sun—with the same high hopes, the same fears, the same yearnings over the children they start out on the road to tomorrow's world.

TOTAL EQUALITY, AND HOW TO GET IT

STETSON KENNEDY

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS, a volume published last year by the University of North Carolina Press, brings together the answers of 14 prominent Negro leaders who represent various viewpoints—southern, northern, conservative, liberal, radical—but who are unanimous in asserting that what the Negro wants ultimately is total equality: precisely the same rights, opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities as other Americans. It may be assumed that all Negroes are in agreement with this; any who are not are certainly entitled to less. But wanting total equality and getting it are two different things, especially in the South. What white Southerners, and Americans generally, think and do about the matter are the determining factors.

In the South, the formidable institution of white supremacy stands in the way of total equality. Both within and without the South there are a variety of forces which would severally strengthen white supremacy, defend it as is, modify it, or overthrow it. Inside the South, these forces may be identified more specifically as the incumbent political administrators of the exploitive system, who are obligated to defend the status quo and make only necessary concessions; the race-hate demagogues whom the overlords of the South will seek to install in office should appeasement fail to appease; the white “southern liberals” who work for “separate equality”; and the real southern liberals, white and black, who fight for total equality. To identify these ele-

ments still further, representative spokesmen are presented herewith.

Speaking for the incumbents—whose order of the day is “concessions in public services; and that’s all, colored folks!”—we have Governor Chauncey Sparks of Alabama, orating at the Tuskegee Institute for Negroes. Governor Sparks told his audience that “absolute segregation” and “independent development” should govern the conduct of the white and Negro races in the South. Similarly Governor Broughton of North Carolina has scored “outside agitators, who . . . would flout established and mutually respected conventions and traditions—which cannot in this State, now or ever, be obliterated”; and he went on to say, “We are striving in North Carolina to give the Negro equal protection under the law, equal educational advantages, the full benefits of public health, agricultural advancement, decent housing conditions, and full and free economic opportunity. . . . This is the assured path toward racial harmony and progress, not only in North Carolina, but in all America.”

Such sentiments are voiced by virtually the entire southern press. For example, the Atlanta Journal said in a full-length editorial last year entitled “The South’s Race Question”: “We have tried to outline four constructive ideas for promoting happy and mutually profitable race relationships and for serving the best interests of the South. Each and all of these proposals rest on the major premise that social segregation shall continue.”

Perhaps the leading press agent for this school of thought is John Temple Graves, whose Birmingham News-Age Herald column is widely syndicated throughout the South. It was he who very seriously proposed last year that the white "leaders" of the South call a race relations conference at which southern Negro representatives would either be conspicuously segregated or excluded altogether—to demonstrate what he sees as the white South's determination to maintain "perpetual segregation."

Such sentiment is of course reflected among the South's champions of white supremacy in Congress. As a single example, we find Senator Bilbo of Mississippi saying: "We, the people of the South, must draw the color line tighter and tighter, and the white man or woman who dares cross that color line should be promptly and forever ostracized. The white race is the custodian of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Anyone who would in the name of Christianity make us a Negroid people betrays his religion and his race."

Carried to its logical conclusion, such arch-demagoguery must arrive at the formula of the prewar, Nazi-approved "White Front" which cropped up in the South, which proposed to "make negroes wards of the Nation, with special codes to govern their behavior."

Dr. W. T. Couch, former director of the University of North Carolina Press, has recently argued that history demonstrates the inferiority of Negroes, and therefore the white majority in the South has a "democratic" right to impose segregation. This argument has been adopted as official by the other "southern liberals" who believe in "separate equality." These people, it must be recognized, not only believe in separate equality, but do what they can to promote equality, for which Negroes and all liberals can be thankful. What may be taken as the

rock-ribbed platform of this group was enunciated by Mark Ethridge of the Louisville Times and Courier, in opening the Birmingham hearings of the FEPC, of which he was then chairman.

"The southern Negro cannot afford to drive from his side, in his march to a greater fulfillment of his rights, the southern white men of good will. He must recognize that there is no power in the world—not even in all the mechanized armies of the earth, Allied and Axis—which could now force the southern white people to the abandonment of the principle of social segregation. It is a cruel disillusionment, bearing the germs of strife and perhaps tragedy, for any of their [the Negroes'] leaders to tell them that they can expect it as the price of their participation in the war. . . . If [the southern white] is not willing to break down segregation—and he is not—he can at least see that it is not achieved on the brutal standards of a Ku Klux Klansman. He can see that it is made as painless as possible."

Ethridge grossly underestimated the potentialities of mechanized armies, but since the Axis armies would hardly have been inclined to enforce total equality in the South, and since the U.S. Army is not likely to be given any such assignment, the gentleman is correct insofar as he suggests that the means for the forcible overthrow of segregation are not in hand.

Late in 1943 something did make a slight dent in the epidermis of Jim Crow. Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, urged that the State's Jim Crow statute be repealed insofar as urban transportation was concerned, "on the ground that it fails to segregate and is a constant source of friction and ill-feeling." While the Negro press made much of the proposal, while generally ignoring its peculiar motivation,

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the limited significance of Dabney's editorial was brought out shortly afterward in his response to a letter asking if the abolition of Jim Crow on urban transportation might not spread into other fields. He said: "Certainly the Times-Dispatch is not advocating the repeal of any of these laws, except those covering urban street cars and buses. The newspaper has expressed itself in the past as favoring equal, but separate, accommodations, facilities, and opportunities for our colored citizens, and it reiterates that position."

After a few weeks the efforts to get the Virginia legislature to act upon Dabney's proposal were abandoned, with this observation by him: "... we have regretfully concluded that the people and their representatives are not ready for the repeal of the segregation law on streetcars and buses."

However, there is in the South a comparatively small but nevertheless dynamic group of white liberals to carry the torch for total equality. Such people are not confined to any one sphere of activity but are to be found in the labor unions, the farmers unions, in education, journalism, and even politics. Among those who have exercised the widest influence is Lillian Smith, author of the best-selling novel *Strange Fruit* and editor of *South Today*. Although she has not always given due emphasis to the economic and political causes and effects of segregation, her penetrating diagnoses of its psychological costs are unequalled.

Segregation, however, is not to be abolished by any amount of diagnosis of its psychological costs. Man, as Miss Smith points out, is not just an economic and political unit; but the institution of segregation was created and has been maintained to serve the economic and political purpose of keeping southern labor divided and cheap; therefore the

psychologically damaging aspects of Jim Crow are but incidental by-products. The South's Jim Crow psychosis cannot, as I see it, be successfully overcome except through elimination of the economic and political cancer of segregation—and this calls for economic and political operations, without which mental therapy will be to no avail.

Upon the handling of Jim Crow depends all hope for total equality (and progress of all sorts) in the South. The entire system of white supremacy is predicated upon prefabricated prejudices against social equality—and all other forms of equality are denied in that name. Thus the demagogue's favorite assertion is, "If you give a nigger a dollar, he'll take a \$1.25." The demagogic formula for maintaining the status quo is that any economic or political concession to Negroes would ultimately prove conducive to social equality. For once the demagogues are correct, but it would be impolitic for southern Negroes to admit as much, as will presently be shown (trusting that demagogues don't read this sort of thing).

One of the undeniable facts of life in the South today is that the case for economic and even political equality can be argued on the street corner—yes, even in a Klan meeting—without necessarily making oneself a candidate for lynching. On the other hand, to so much as mention social equality is sufficient to ruin almost anyone.

Practically everything lies within the realm of immediate possibility, except the abolition of Jim Crow: that is the one change above all others to which white Southerners have been conditioned to react emotionally instead of rationally. Moreover, the majesty of Federal law can be brought to bear in protecting political rights and those economic rights encom-

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passed by the FEPC. The prejudices of 20 million southern whites are no justification for illegal discrimination against 10 million southern Negroes, and the American people as a whole need have no compunctions about curbing the expression of such prejudice, via the Federal government. But it is their responsibility to see that those curbs are accompanied by adequate protection for the Negroes.

When the demagogues threaten that a forced breakdown of Jim Crow will bring on a resurgence of the Klan and mob violence, they are not just bluffing. But when I vouch for this fact, I do so not for the sake of intimidating Negroes and their friends, but to forewarn them so that their attack need not be inadequate nor premature.

It is this factor of kinetic violence that chiefly distinguishes the problem of establishing total equality in the South from the problem elsewhere (Detroit and Los Angeles excepted). Local police, far from dealing appropriately with such violence, would very often be in the forefront of it. When the disorder reached major proportions, southern governors would send in their lily-white, Klux-minded state guards. *Federal troops could not be sent in without a legislature's or governor's request—and such requests would no more be forthcoming than they were in the wake of Reconstruction.* In short, a massacre rather than a riot would ensue. (In Detroit, 85 per cent of those arrested were Negroes, 75 per cent of those killed were Negroes, and 60 per cent of the Negroes killed were shot by policemen; in the South Negroes would not escape so lightly.)

In 1942 a conference of southern Negroes convened in Durham, North Carolina, and drafted one of the most significant documents ever to come out of the South, now known as the Durham Statement. In addition to outlining a

comprehensive program for promoting more equal economic and political opportunities for southern Negroes, the Durham Statement included this realistic pronouncement on strategy:

"We are fundamentally opposed to the principle and practice of compulsory segregation in our American society, whether of races or classes or creeds; however, we regard it as both sensible and timely to address ourselves now to the current problems of racial discrimination and neglect, and to ways in which we may co-operate in the advancement of programs aimed at the sound improvement of race relations within the democratic framework."

The Durham Statement practically demanded acknowledgment from the white South. It was forthcoming in a series of conferences which culminated in the formation of a Southern Regional Council, which absorbed the old Commission on Interracial Cooperation, and attracted to its fold 1,000 white and Negro Southerners of varying shades of liberalism. Without exactly saying so, the SRC adopted the goals of the Durham Statement without specifically endorsing its condemnation of segregation—and outspoken opponents of Jim Crow were quick to make an issue of the fact.

Lillian Smith, in an article in *COMMON GROUND* entitled "Southern Defensive," said, "Not much is going to be done to bring about racial democracy by this group [the SRC] until its leaders accept and acknowledge publicly the basic truth that segregation is injuring us on every level of our life and is so intolerable to the human spirit that we, all of us, black and white, must bend every effort to rid our minds, hearts, and culture of it." In the same issue, J. Saunders Redding, professor of English at Hampton Institute, charged, "The men who at present writing have policy-making pow-

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ers in the new organization are pretty effectively enslaved by one big common thing: segregation. Segregation is the *sine qua non* of race relations in the South."

No doubt there are some white members of the SRC who will go to their graves believing in segregation, but director Guy B. Johnson, in a succeeding issue of COMMON GROUND under the title "Southern Offensive," had this to say:

"Our goal is democracy and equality of opportunity. We are striving to improve the social, civic, and economic life of our region in spite of a deep-seated and undemocratic pattern of segregation. . . . Personally, I should rather help capture the foothills which have to be captured sooner or later than merely to point out the distant peak and urge my comrades to storm it at once! I, too, can see the peak, but I can see no particular virtue in starting an association of peak-gazers."

When Miss Smith was belatedly asked to become a director of the SRC, she declined because of its failure to take a stand against segregation. And so we have revolving in and about the SRC a controversy as to whether or not denunciation of segregation is essential to, or even advisable, in connection with an organized movement of southern whites and Negroes "to do the most and best that can be done here and now."

Even among the Negro drafters of the Durham Statement there was a difference of opinion on this. A minority argued that the Statement, in the interests of diplomacy, could have refrained from mentioning segregation at all. The controversy again came to a head at the 1944 meeting of the SRC. There, two resolutions on segregation were introduced and warmly debated. One said in effect, "We recognize the existence of Jim Crow; we dedicate ourselves to attaining equality of opportunity." A sub-

stitute was offered which, after the manner of the Durham Statement, said, "We condemn segregation because . . . ; however, we dedicate ourselves to attaining equality of opportunity." Both were tabled by a vote of 45-25.

Now who is right about this matter?

I would venture to say that the Durham Statement, coming from Negroes, was more or less morally obliged to include a condemnation of segregation, and that it could not have been done in a more statesmanlike manner. I would also say that the SRC, as an organization of southern whites and Negroes faced with the practical necessity of seeking improvements from the incumbent system of white supremacy, would needlessly frustrate itself by condemning segregation at this time. And I would say further that Lillian Smith has done and can do immense good by condemning segregation as an individual, but that she is not being realistic in demanding the same of the SRC.

There is another tangent, which, if pursued to the exclusion of other paths, would likewise lead nowhere. Dr. Gordon B. Hancock of Virginia Union University, a director of the SRC, wrote Miss Smith as follows upon her refusal to join: "You who make the whole issue one of segregation are overlooking the matter of prejudice, the more fundamental issue that we of the SRC are trying to face. . . . You are primarily interested in denouncing the effects; we are primarily interested in attacking and destroying the cause. . . ."

Subsequently in a letter to me Dr. Hancock said: "Race prejudice must be destroyed before discrimination can be taken out of segregation, and the law itself is hopeless and helpless to accomplish this fact where prejudice is too strong. It is true that, here and there, discriminations are being eliminated as

in the case of teachers' salaries; but it is also true that this is due to a relinquishment of prejudice in its most rabid form. In my releases to the Associated Negro Press I have been sloganizing as follows: '*Praejudicium generis delendum* est (race prejudice must be destroyed)!' "

All of which is very well, provided no one is given the impression that mere sloganizing, whether in Latin or any number of current languages, can under existing circumstances bring about the abolition of prejudice or segregation or discrimination or white supremacy. To argue whether prejudice or segregation came first is to carry on about the goose and the egg. First came the excess profit motive which gave birth to the institution of white supremacy, and all its bastard offspring might be described as products of artificial insemination.

So long as white supremacy remains an economic and political reality, no amount of education or agitation can bring about the abolition of segregation in the South by the South (any more than mere agitation could have abolished slavery). In other words, short of another civil war, the southern Negro must be *emancipated economically and politically before he can be emancipated socially*. This means that he must first join democratic unions and beat a democratic path to the polls. Once those two things have been accomplished—gains in one will facilitate gains in the other—the abolition of Jim Crow will be as inevitable as was the abolition of chattel slavery after civil war broke out. Once the economic and political functions of Jim Crow have been negated, its social function will vanish as the subterfuge that it is.

At this point the proper strategy for achieving total equality in America becomes crystal clear.

In non-southern areas (where Jim

Crow enjoys a quasi-legal existence only slightly less rigorous than in Dixie), the campaign for total equality can and should be prosecuted by all-out frontal assault.

In the South, the economic and political serfdom of the Negro with its concomitant potential of uncontrolled violence requires that there be no demand for total equality at this time; instead, the case for social equality must be presented entirely *apart from* the case for economic and political equality of opportunity.

If this strategy is not followed, there may be no progress in any direction, but reaction in all directions. So let it be understood that this is not at all a strategy of appeasement, but the most radical of practical programs for achieving total equality without wholesale violence.

The flanking approach for the South requires elaboration in terms of tactical maneuvers. That the strategy calls for presentation of the demand for social equality *apart from* demands for economic and political equality will bear repeating. This means that in the South a distinction must be made pro tem between segregation and discrimination—that the separate issues not be confused by indiscriminate application of the "Jim Crow" label to all manner of interracial inequities.

The several groups involved in the struggle for total equality should also assume specialized functions. The case for social equality in the South should be left largely if not exclusively in the hands of the real southern white liberals, who are in a position to present it most effectively. Non-Southerners can help most by concentrating on the basic task of economic and political emancipation for the southern Negro—by working for establishment of a permanent FEPC, by bringing suffrage cases before the Su-

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preme Court, by insisting upon adequate Federal protection of the economic and political rights thus secured, and by aiding the efforts to organize southern Negroes into labor and farmers unions. And southern Negroes themselves should seek first to become union men and democratic voters.

The interim attitude southern Negroes should take toward segregation may at first seem incongruous. It is that they adopt the slogan: "Enforce the Jim Crow laws!" But this is correct procedure because all such laws require that "separate-but-equal" provisions be made, and the U.S. Supreme Court, if none other, will see to it that equality is provided in as many cases as can be brought before it. When the defense makes the counter-charge—as it will repeatedly—that "what these niggers is really after is social equality," southern Negroes should insist that segregation and social equality are irrelevant to the economic and political matters at hand, and refuse to discuss them in the same connection.

It is of course true that Jim Crow has always meant injury added to insult. As colored folk say, it has always been a case of:

*White folks in the dinin room,
Eatin cake and cream;
Niggers in the kitchen,
Eatin good old greasy greens.*

Nevertheless, by going to court and exercising every other legitimate form of demand, protest, and pressure, the Negro can have an appreciable amount of the physical injury taken out of Jim Crow. This is what he has been doing since Reconstruction; but the accelerator should be pressed to the floor. The reaction of a typical white Southerner to this assertion was, "Hold on a minute! This business of equal rights has got to be fed to us Southerners just so much at a time. It's

like tryin' to feed beefsteak to a baby that's never done nothin' but suck titty. You got to wean it away." While there is some truth in that, there is considerably more truth, and justice too, in what the old Negro woman said to the judge who cautioned her that colored folks couldn't expect to get even breaks with white folks all in a minute, "God knows it's been a long minute!"

There is no need for anyone to be concerned over the prospect envisioned by the so-called southern liberals who, under the fancy label of "biracial parallelism," would transform the Jim Crow fence from a discriminatory horizontal line into a vertical line of equal opportunity. Long before then, the preconditions for the abolition of Jim Crow altogether will have been established.

Confidentially (don't tell Talmadge & Co.), every step toward separate-but-equal provisions will prove to be a step toward free-and-equal status for all. Since the South is already spending almost all it can on public services, actually to provide equal facilities would require a lowering of white standards. This being the case, each time more equality is forced, more of the pinch of the Jim Crow shoe will be transferred to the white foot, and as soon as its intolerability becomes mutual, it will be cast aside.

Jim Crow is such a gross creature he has a way of rousing both Jim Crows and Jim Crowed to an equally blind frenzy. This is forgivable among the latter, but not at all effective. To go at Jim Crow like Don Quixote versus a windmill has often proven less than unavailing.

It is past time Negroes and their friends stopped speaking loosely about the "unconstitutionality" of Jim Crow. Jim Crow may be un-American, un-Christian, undemocratic, and unjust; but under Supreme Court rulings to date, Jim Crow

laws are not themselves unconstitutional. At present, as Westbrook Pegler so gleefully maintains, "it is still legal in the United States to hold and express racial and religious prejudices"—even in the form of Jim Crow laws.

The 14th Amendment of the Constitution provides that "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States . . . nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Now the privileges and immunities of American citizens are not at all nebulous—either they are specified in the Constitution or Federal laws, or they have no legal existence. Freedom from Jim Crow—the right not to be segregated—is not among the rights of citizens so specified—as those Negroes who have traveled the hard road to the Supreme Court have learned. In carrying out the 14th Amendment's guarantee of equal protection of the laws, the Court has merely granted redress in cases where Negroes have complained of unequal Jim Crow facilities; but the Jim Crow laws themselves have been left intact.

One ground for complaint against Jim Crow facilities which has not been fully utilized is that the Constitutional guarantee of equal protection of the laws extends to equal convenience as well as other aspects of equality. For example, Negroes might sue for the right to attend the public school nearest them, regardless of race. The Supreme Court of New Jersey upheld this particular right last year.

But at best such court trials of Jim Crow can only bring about a slow amelioration of the discrimination inherent in segregation and bring to bear economic pressure for its abolition. The end can and should be hastened by Federal legislation. Congress has the power—under its Constitutional authority to enact laws to promote the public safety and welfare

—to adopt an anti-segregation law, or an even broader statute establishing the equal rights of races.

Ideally and eventually, total equality should be guaranteed by an amendment to the Constitution. Such an organic law would not be without precedent. The Soviet Union, a land of almost 200 nationalities, has such a law and has found it eminently practicable and salutary. Article 123 of the Soviet Bill of Rights and Duties provides: "Equality of rights of citizens of the U.S.S.R., irrespective of their nationality or race, in all spheres of economic, state, social, and political life, is an indefeasible law. Any direct or indirect restriction of the rights of, or, conversely, any establishment of direct or indirect privileges for, citizens on account of their race or nationality, as well as any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness or hatred or contempt, is punishable by law."

Unlike a Congressional statute, a Constitutional amendment to this effect would of course require ratification by three-fourths of the states, which means that rejection by 13 states could kill it. It will be recalled that refusal of the southern states to ratify the 14th Amendment following the Civil War led to military occupation. An amendment guaranteeing the equal rights of the races, including as it would a ban on segregation, would unquestionably get a hot reception in the South today. Unanimous ratification by all non-southern states plus one or more borderline states would be necessary for its adoption.

Such a law or amendment would produce more rumors of civil war, but still no war. However, there would be mass violence, and the white supremacists would make good their threat to make life miserable for Negroes. White supremacy is going to die a hard death—almost as hard as slavery's. It will take the South

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approximately as long to get over the death of Jim Crow as it is taking to get over the passing of Old Black Joe, the slave.

Of course the Negro is entitled to total equality now. But by suffering segregation another decade (no more) before seeking to establish total equality as the law of the land, he can with the help of most Americans build the economic and political framework which will give it a concrete-and-steel substance without which the legal superstructure would be an empty stage-setting.

Stetson Kennedy is a young southern author whose forthcoming book *South-ern Exposure* will be published by Doubleday, Doran. He is also the author of *Palmetto Country*, a volume in the *American Folkways Series* edited by Er-

skine Caldwell. He has supervised a series of social-ethnic studies in his region, and led an expedition recording southern folklore for the Library of Congress.

For *COMMON GROUND*'s own position on the issues raised by Mr. Kennedy, and the articles by Lillian Smith and J. Saunders Redding to which he refers, the reader is directed to the Spring 1944 number. Recommended also are three pamphlets by Lillian Smith (available from *South Today*, Clayton, Georgia): "Two Men and a Bargain," which, despite Mr. Kennedy, remains the best analysis of the economic base of race prejudice in the South; "Buying a New World with Old Confederate Bills," an analysis of the psychological base; and "The White Christian and His Conscience," a portrayal of the spiritual dilemmas of a society dominated by the concept of racial superiority.

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DOROTHY L. PILLSBURY

WHAT a weird way for you to spend Christmas," our Anglo friends gasped, "on top of the Rock of Acoma. Those Acoma Indians are the most offish in the Southwest. They've been sitting on that Rock since long before the Spanish came into the country. They haven't changed. They're primitive and they're ignorant. Strange things have happened on Acoma, even in modern times." They wagged mysterious heads. "There was the priest who disappeared not so many years ago. They have secret rooms and underground chambers. And not a civilized person for

miles around! It isn't safe for two women alone."

The head-waggings and the mysterious whispers came from people who had lived all their lives in New Mexico, within two hundred miles of the Rock. Lucia and I chuckled, remembering Felicitas. Felicitas' big black eyes had peered hungrily at us from under her scarlet and orange shawl when we had first visited Acoma. Such is the power of repeated assertions that we had been prepared for ignorance, for monosyllables, even for pidgin English. But Felicitas had said,

as she led us about her cloud-shadowed, four-hundred-foot-high Rock, "This is the patio of the old Spanish monastery. Willa Cather speaks of it in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Perhaps you are familiar with the book."

"Write to me," she had begged as we left. "I'd love to get a letter. I haven't had one since I left school two years ago."

"But you haven't a post office," we had said, peering up and down the narrow, solid-rock streets of the Sky City, where three-tiered adobe houses clung like swallows' nests.

"Send it to Acomita," she had instructed. "It's our farming center in the valley below. Some one comes up every few days."

So we had sent letters to Felicitas—letters in which we had been very careful of our grammar. Letters had come back to us from "primitive" Acoma. Among them was an invitation to spend Christmas Day on the Rock, that isolated, wind-swept mesa top.

As we bumped over some of the worst roads in the most desolate waste lands of New Mexico, it did seem a fantastic way to spend Christmas. A bleak wind was blowing down from snow-packed mountain tops. Clouds scudded wildly over the sky and cast a sinister green light over the surrounding country. It was as if we were seeing it for the first time. Grotesque rocks, carved by wind and storm, took on the form of giants standing before their battlemented dwellings. Desolation stretched as far as we could see—sand-clogged arroyos; twisted, stunted, desert vegetation. In the distance, swimming in a sea of unearthly light, the yellow ocher, straight-up cliffs of Acoma reared themselves from a plain already almost seven thousand feet above sea level.

Filled with misgivings, we parked the car in the dubious shelter of a juniper

tree, buttoned our coats tight about us, and started up the switch-back trail toward the summit. Each step was a battle with loose sand that came half way to our knees. The wind sucked between chimney-like chasms and whooped it up with catcalls of derision. It hurled sand sharp as cactus thorns in our faces.

Balancing herself on the edge of a precipice, Lucia shuddered. "I can't help feeling that hundreds of unfriendly eyes are watching us climb this trail the way they watched old Coronado as he passed on his way to Cibola back in 1500. Felicitas may want us. But the rest of the Pueblo may not want us messing around in their Christmas—if they have one, which I doubt."

As we pulled ourselves, gasping and sputtering, to a shelf of rock between gargoyled pinnacles on the summit, we jumped as something separated itself from the shadows. It was only a little girl with a yellow shawl pinned with an enormous safety pin under her chin. She crooked a brown finger and whispered shyly, "We have been expecting you for a long time."

As we followed her along the treeless, solid-rock streets of Acoma, we collected an intrigued procession. Silent, round-eyed little boys in blue overalls followed us; dogs sniffed our legs; a lop-eared burro trailed along; and a flat-eyed billy goat brought up the rear. From nearby corrals, sheep baaed, horses snorted and stood on their hind legs. In the midst of the clamor, the little girl paused at the foot of a ladder that leaned against a three-storied adobe whose levels were set back from each other like giants' steps. On the topmost layer stood Felicitas making encouraging gestures.

Gritting our teeth, we climbed the ladder in spite of the onslaughts of the wind. From the first roof top, deep adobe steps sunk in the walls led to the top floor and Felicitas. Those steps gave on illimit-

able space on either side. There wasn't so much as a hand rail.

"I can get up, all right," Lucia wailed, "if I do it fast on the run. But I know I can never get back down. I'll have to spend the rest of my life up here between the desert and the sky."

Felicitas' home was a skyeey penthouse on the topmost layer. Little windows cut in thick walls looked out over space and swirling light far below. In a corner fireplace no bigger than a beehive, piñon chunks blazed and chuckled. By it stood a piñon Christmas tree decorated with dime store tinsel and shining glass balls. It looked exactly like the one we had left at home beside our own corner fireplace. In a hollowed-out niche in the thick walls, Saint Estebán, the patron saint of Acoma, smiled in Spanish dignity. So he might have looked in any adobe house in Santa Fe.

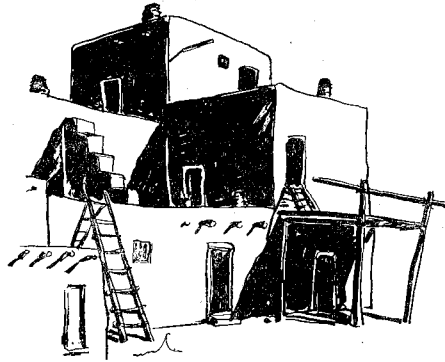
An ornate American brass bed was spread with gorgeous Navajo blankets. In a corner stood an outmoded sewing machine. From an oilcloth-covered table came the fragrance of crisp loaves fresh baked in outside conical ovens.

A girl came tripping in, her feet enclosed in white deerskin boots reaching to her knees. "I dance in the Ceremonial," she explained, pointing to her beautiful costume. Crimson skirts swirled about her boot tops. A fringed shawl floated like a mantle down her back. Turquoise and silver jewelry, enough to stock a curio store, glittered from her neck, her arms, her ears, her fingers. Straight black hair, with purple high lights, hung to her waist and her big eyes were slightly aslant in her face. The eyes and two circles of cerise paint on her high cheekbones made her look as if she had stepped from an Oriental tapestry.

"We dance the Butterfly Ceremonial," she said. "Listen, you can hear the drums pounding from the kiva."

"We'll have to hurry," Felicitas urged. "We dance in the old church. But first, María has something to show you."

Out we hurried and looked at the space-bounded great steps down to the next roof. "How are you going to get down?" I hissed in Lucia's ear. With her usual aplomb, she solved the difficulty. She simply sat down and bumped, bumped



down the steps to the accompaniment of laughter and encouraging cheers of Indians assembled on the roof top.

What María had to show us was a new baby—the most beautiful infant we had ever seen. It lay on a cradle board softened with a modern pillow. Its skin was sun-mellowed adobe, its hair as thick and black as the fur of a little rabbit.

"What are you going to call her?" Lucia asked before I could kick her to remind her of good Indian manners.

But María was equal to the social emergency. "What do you think would be a nice name?" she asked.

Not to be outdone, Lucia met the occasion with inspiration. "Rosemary," she said, "because she is a Rose, and Mary for Christmas."

The little room buzzed with approbation. "Next week the priest comes and we baptize the baby," María planned. "He only gets up here once a year. You Catholic?"

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I could see Lucia gulp with longing. More than anything in all the world, she wanted to be godmother to an Indian baby on ancient Acoma. "No," she faltered.

People kept crowding into María's thick-walled little room—men in blue jeans, their heads bound with yellow and purple *bandas*; women swathed to the eyebrows in bright woolen shawls; children in overalls and gay cotton dresses. "My father, the Governor; my uncle, the War Chief; my brother, my husband." Brown hands were extended. "*Feliz Navidad*," kindly voices kept repeating. "*Feliz Navidad*." Never had we felt so welcome and never so at home as in this bare, whitewashed room perched high on ancient Acoma. "Stay all night," the Governor urged. "Stay all week. There will be more dancing. And we elect officers for the next year."

Bent before the wind howling over the barren Rock, we struggled toward the old, twin-belfried church. A procession formed again behind us—men, women, children, dogs, burro, and billy goat. As we stumbled into the semi-darkness of the vast building, Lucia whistled in my ear, "An Indian dance with Oriental accents, given in a 17th century Spanish Catholic church! Pinch me!"

That church was built on the very brink of the cliffs that dropped straight down four hundred feet to the desert below. Sixty feet upward its two-foot-thick adobe walls soared to a ceiling upheld by beams that were the shafts of giant pine trees. "Every pound of adobe dirt was dragged up on the backs of our ancients," Felicitas boasted. "And those great pine trees came in on Indian shoulders from the Turquoise Mountain in the country of the Navajo." Little slits of windows looked off into light-filled space. They made the church seem like a lighthouse perched high above a sea of color.

Nearer and nearer came the pom-pom of the drums. The voices of the chanters echoed along the high ceiling. Deep, resonant tones were lifted in spaced, monotonous syllables. As they sang, the chanters bobbed gently up and down to the rhythm of the dancers. Feet patted the hard-packed adobe floor. Each woman dancer held evergreen branches in outstretched hands. Nearly all the feminine dancing was done with those dramatic arms. The feet simply followed the intricacies of the masculine dance formation. Each face was serious. Dark eyes glowed with religious fervor. Some of the younger dancers among the men had short American hair cuts in contrast with the loose flowing locks of their elders. But their expressions and abandon were the same.

Hour after hour the Indians danced in the old church on Acoma. The drums increased their tempo. Bells jangled faster and faster on bronzed legs. Rattle gourds hissed in outspread arms. Fox skins dangled down sweating backs. Parrot and eagle feathers seemed in full flight from black heads.

Lucia and I clung together to keep a grasp on reality. An early winter dusk seeped in the little slits of windows. It veiled the strange world outside in an indigo net. A few candles were lighted here and there, but they only emphasized the shadows and the murk. In spite of ourselves we were transported; we floated in that indigo blue atmosphere. The old church tore loose from its rock moorings and seemed to float, too, like some bewitched galleon.

The dancing stopped. The wearied dancers disappeared kiva-ward. Back they came in blue levis and cowboy shirts—in calico petticoats and gay head shawls. Without so much as catching a breath, they walked to the steps of the great altar where candles had been lighted. Here in a bower of piñon and juniper boughs was

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the Christ Child surrounded by the animals of the barnyard. The Indians of Acoma seemed strangely at home in such a scene. Through the half-open door came the baaing of their own sheep and the restless pacing of their own flocks.

On either side of the manger stood a young Acoma lad. He wore rough ranchman's shoes and the big-checked shirt of the cowboy. In his hands was an ancient rifle of Civil War vintage. He was there to guard *El Santo Niño*. His eyes were deep and serious with the vast responsibility. In spite of his modern American clothes and his Spanish setting, he was all Indian.

Silently, without benefit of clergy, the Indians of Acoma gathered about the manger. No word was spoken. No service was held. In that 17th century Catholic church, which a priest visited but once a year, the "uncivilized" Indians of Acoma presented their gifts like the Wisemen of old—blue and purple corn, scarlet chile, exquisite pottery made by their own hands. And they gave what was probably most precious to them—boxes of soda crackers and cans of milk.

As we crept out of the old church, a boy was ringing the ancient bell in one of the square belfries. Its tones reached only the few on the barren Rock. As far

as the eye could see in the gathering darkness, there was only desolation.

Felicitas went as far as the edge of the Rock with us and loaded our arms with her beautiful pottery. It made the gifts we had slipped under her piñon tree seem tawdry and without meaning. All the way down the trail we could see the blur of her shawl-wrapped figure outlined against the winter sky. Fainter and fainter came the notes of her repeated, "*Feliz Navidad, Feliz Navidad.*"

We rode home through dry arroyos and hub-deep sand, under the Christmas stars. Once the clip-clop of a horse sounded in the darkness and we could just make out the figure of a mounted Indian headed late for Christmas on the Rock. "*Feliz Navidad,*" he greeted, lisping his labials like a good Spaniard. There was a little spark in the darkness as he passed. He had lighted his waning *cigarrillo* with an Anglo gadget known as a lighter.

But on the Rock the Christmas candle lifted high over a dark world.

This is one of a series of sketches about the Indian-Spanish-Anglo cultures of the Southwest which Dorothy L. Pillsbury is writing for COMMON GROUND.

The illustration is by Bernadine Custer.

THE "DISLOYAL" AT TULE LAKE

G. ELEANOR KIMBLE

By December 15, 1945, nine of the ten relocation centers operated by the War Relocation Authority for persons of Japanese ancestry evacuated in 1942 from the Pacific Coast will be closed, leaving open only the Tule Lake Center set aside in 1943 as a segregation center for evacuees disloyal to the United States. Present plans call for the discontinuance of the WRA program at this center by February 1, 1946. The problem of caring for persons not relocated by that time will be transferred to the Department of Justice.

To go back for a moment, it was on March 2, 1942, that the Western Defense Command outlined the Coastal area from which all persons of Japanese ancestry were to be excluded; by March 29, all voluntary migration from the area was prohibited; and shortly thereafter the War Department moved some 110,000 persons first to assembly centers and later to ten relocation centers operated by the newly created War Relocation Authority. Two camps were in Arkansas, two in Arizona, one each in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming; but two, Manzanar and Tule Lake, were inside the proscribed area of the Western Defense Command, in California, although far from the Coast. Alarmists on the Pacific Coast protested the location of these centers, and it was a senator from California who introduced Senate Resolution No. 166, adopted July 6, 1943, calling for the immediate segregation of all persons then in relocation

centers disloyal to the United States.

The WRA countered by announcing it had already arranged for such segregation, and that Tule Lake would be used for this purpose. Evacuees in all centers had been given an opportunity to indicate whether they wished to return to Japan, in the case of aliens; or whether they wished to go to Japan, in the case of those born in this country. In addition, each evacuee citizen was asked to sign a pledge of loyalty to this country, and all aliens to swear they would abide by the laws of the United States and refrain from interfering with the war effort. Then, repatriates and expatriates, all who signed papers stating they were not loyal to this country, all who refused to sign a statement that they were loyal and renounce allegiance to any other government, all who had been refused leave clearance for resettlement because of an adverse report from a Federal intelligence agency or some other evidence of their disloyalty, were ordered transferred to Tule Lake. Persons already at Tule Lake who did not fit into any of these categories were ordered transferred to other centers. The actual shift of thousands of persons into and out of Tule Lake occurred in September 1943. Again in February 1944, some additional thousands considered disloyal were added to the Tule Lake population until its peak population was about 19,000, nearly twice as large as most centers. Were there that many persons at Tule Lake dangerously disloyal, and are the thousands still there dangerous?

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Distinguishing the loyal from the disloyal is not a simple process. Loyalty is not a static but a dynamic concept and is therefore subject to change.

Who are the "disloyal" now at Tule Lake? Roughly, they may be classified as those actively disloyal, persons who wished to return to Japan, some who were determined to be in California at all costs, the disillusioned, the aged, the sick and disabled, young people still under parental control, and children too young to understand what loyalty is. A single family may include half a dozen of these categories, but let us attempt to consider them one by one.

1. *The disloyal.* Estimates at the time of Pearl Harbor as to what proportion of the persons of Japanese descent in this country were disloyal varied from the claims of the Hearst Press, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, the Associated Farmers, the Grange, and similar groups, that everyone with a drop of Japanese blood was a dangerous enemy (so that whole orphanages of young children and certain aged, bedfast persons were evacuated from the Coast), to the belief voiced by a few sentimental pacifists that Japanese Americans were all loyal (objecting to arrests of persons with extremely bad intelligence records).

The Senators who passed the segregation resolution seemed to have overlooked the activities of the highly efficient FBI, which made hundreds of arrests the very day of the Pearl Harbor attack, not only of all Japanese known to be subversive, but of any suspected of activity which might have been un-American. Many arrested were subsequently cleared of such charges. A considerable number of enemy agents were soon in custody in alien enemy internment camps; others were weeded out at assembly centers and relocation centers where authorities were in a position to observe trouble makers.

The disturbances at Tule Lake which made newspaper headlines early in November, 1943, were the work of a small group of trouble makers who used gangster methods in terrorizing their fellow-evacuees, capitalizing on mistakes made by administrators, and leading the whole camp into a series of strikes and finally into almost complete non-co-operation with the authorities. A handful of Kibei, born in this country but educated in Japan and fanatically loyal to that country, practically took over control of the camp within the barbed-wire fences which the Army hastily constructed separating the evacuees from the employed personnel. The original barbed-wire fences around the whole center bound both groups together. It was difficult to locate the leaders, and, even after they were isolated within a stockade, to keep their influence from continuing to dominate the camp. Many mysterious beatings of evacuees who were trying to co-operate with the administration occurred in spite of Army tanks and machine guns with which the center bristled. Thus Al Capone once dominated Chicago, and many trembled at his name but dared not give the authorities information of his activities. Eventually these dangerously disloyal persons were transferred to prison camps operated by the Department of Justice, far from Tule Lake. In September, 1945, it was indicated by the Department of Justice that not more than 6,000 adults who could be considered disloyal remained in the camp.

Who then are the 6,000 "disloyal" and approximately 10,000 other persons still at Tule Lake on November 1, 1945?

2. *Those who wished to go to Japan.* As with other foreign-born groups, some Japanese long in this country had planned to return to their homeland to die. Others had relatives and friends there, owned

homes, or had business ties in Japan, and with the outbreak of war felt at once that Japan was where they belonged, that America was alien to them. Many Kibei (American-born but educated in Japan), while having no special feeling of animosity toward this country, had come to love Japan more. Larry, born in Los Angeles but a graduate of a Japanese university, said: "If we were at peace, I could say I love Japan and I love the United States. Now, if I say that, both sides think I am a traitor. I was cleared for relocation from Topaz, but when I reached Illinois, where I had been promised a good position, the employer said complaints had been made because he had already hired four Nisei. He was going to keep them, but he didn't dare take another. I had to go back to Topaz. In Japan I have plenty of friends and will have no trouble getting a good job. I signed the papers to get transferred to Tule Lake so I could go to Japan. I'm sick of being behind barbed wire and being treated like a leper outside."

For each person actually wanting to go to Japan, there were relatives who felt they must go too, not only the young American-born children who were not consulted, but filial daughters or sons of mature years who would not allow an aging parent to travel alone. At Manzanar, there were 28 persons who wished to go to Japan and were therefore to be transferred to Tule Lake, but, by the time the relatives who could not be parted from them were included, 165 persons had to be moved. During the months and years of waiting for a chance to get to Japan, individuals dominating a group like this may die, and the others may wish to remain in this country, if ways are provided for their status to be cleared, the red tape to be unwound. Others feel bound to take the ashes of the deceased to rest with those of his ancestors.

3. *The Californians.* The rest of the nation is familiar with the passionate attachment native Californians have for their beautiful state. Native Californians of Japanese ancestry often feel this way, too. One WRA employee will not soon forget the moment after her staff of evacuee aides had been told she was leaving. All were expressing polite regret, when one asked where she was going. Her unfortunately worded reply, "Home to California," brought immediate and uncontrollable tears to the whole roomful of college-age men and girls.

Certain of the evacuees in camps in Arkansas or Wyoming, Utah or Colorado, in deserts and swamplands, were possessed with the idea they must get back to California before its doors could be closed forever against them. Their only chance was to sign the papers necessary for transfer to Tule Lake. What a shock they received when they found it even more bare, bleak, and unlovely than the other camp sites, and the restrictions far more confining. Now they are labeled "disloyal" and must prove their real patriotic sentiments before they can return to their California homes. Now the door is open for all who have not foolishly signed the wrong papers.

4. *The disillusioned.* Pearl Harbor was a more terrific shock to the Japanese Americans who felt a part of the United States than to any of the rest of us. Their world fell to pieces that day. Those immediately arrested included relatives, friends, or neighbors. In some cases they knew or suspected the FBI had good reason to take certain persons into custody, but in others they believed injustice had been done. Thousands of Nisei students in Pacific Coast colleges were deeply patriotic to this country, but their loyalty was given a severe jolt when their fathers were arrested, their bank accounts frozen,

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their possessions seized, and eastern colleges to which they wished to transfer refused to admit them.

Mr. and Mrs. Yamato in forty years of backbreaking labor had reclaimed acres of waste land on Puget Sound and developed one of the finest berry producing farms in the country. Having no children of their own, they had adopted two babies left orphaned by the death of neighbors. All their interests were in their home and farm and in the local activities of the small community. Neighbors were sure they had no contacts with Japan, but on December 7, 1941, they were arrested, and the two little children left in the house alone. The shock of the arrest killed Mr. Yamato, deprived Mrs. Yamato of her reason, so that she had to be committed to an institution for the insane. Perhaps the FBI had information indicating these people were enemy agents, or perhaps it was because they were leaders in a small way, and therefore "suspect," that the speedy arrests were made. However, the neighbors, Caucasian as well as those of Japanese descent, who rescued the terrified children from the house, felt a terrible wrong had been done, and the Japanese Americans developed a feeling of bitterness against this government.

At Terminal Island in Los Angeles Harbor, the folks in the Japanese fishing village were removed by the Army long before there was any general evacuation order, before the WRA was set up or any orderly procedure developed to protect the property of evacuees. Few can doubt this hasty removal was a necessary war measure, but families who had to sell a \$150 refrigerator for \$10 or give it away, who realized \$50 for furniture worth several thousand, could not help deep resentment. Many families from Terminal Island eventually reached Tule Lake.

Every Caucasian who helped in the evacuation procedure remarked on the

courteous, even cheerful, demeanor of evacuees through the long days when they were crowded into stables at dusty Tanforan or water-logged Puyallup assembly centers, when they were separated from relatives as assignments were made to relocation centers in unknown Arkansas or Wyoming. But even patience can stand only so much. For some evacuees, the breaking point came over a seemingly trifling occurrence, an unkind word or an unjust order from some petty official. It was not just the tax on one shipload of tea in Boston Harbor that led our ancestors to renounce loyalty to George III. As the long months wore on, with Coast newspapers publishing plans to deport all persons of Japanese ancestry and to deprive the native-born of citizenship, and when on the same page the papers printed news of great Japanese victories with all of eastern Asia and the western Pacific area already in Japanese hands, many evacuees saw no hope of a future in this country but hearkened to promises whispered by self-appointed representatives of Japan and transferred to Tule Lake.

5. The "Japanese schoolboys" of forty years ago. Many a native Californian now middle-aged, recalling when he was a youngster in the second grade, remembers a quiet studious man who sat across the aisle trying hard to learn English, never so much as speaking to any of the children, but sometimes with swift skillful fingers constructing a delightful bird of elaborately folded paper and lightly tossing it into some child's eager hands. These "boys" worked their way doing house or garden work or as farm laborers, many never rising financially above this, others becoming owners of small business establishments or proprietors of leased farms. Some sent back to Japan for wives, but a large number never married. Through good times and bad, even

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through the great depression of the '30s, they looked after themselves, mixing little with persons of European origin, never asking relief even if they went hungry. By 1941 these "boys" were elderly men, still financially independent, but approaching the time when their earnings would cease. If war had not come, inevitably hundreds of these Issei by the end of 1945 would have been forced to apply for County Indigent Aid in California, where state laws restrict Old Age Assistance to citizens, and the burden of caring for those not naturalized therefore remains directly on local taxpayers; in Washington they would have received Old Age Assistance with state and federal governments sharing the expense.

The 1940 Census showed 6,986 alien Japanese over 60 years of age in the United States, an additional 5,880 over 55, or a total of 12,866, more than eight out of ten of them being men and comprising forty-one per cent of all the alien men. The median age of the alien male population in 1942 was 56 years; now it is nearly 60. Since only 152 of these men were over 75 in 1940 and death rates of old people in the centers have not been unduly high most of these old people are still alive.

A large share of the elderly men, especially the bachelors, are at Tule Lake, too old to relocate to some strange eastern community to start anew, or even, now that it is permitted, go back to the Coast to try to revive some tiny business which has not operated for four years, too feeble to return to farm labor jobs, not actually interested in returning to Japan which they left so long ago and where they now have no ties. They might have become loyal American citizens but they were not allowed to do so. Now it is a matter of indifference to them what country was victorious so long as they have a comfortable place to sit in the sun,

a warm bed, adequate food, medical care as they need it, a decent funeral. Their lives have not been easy ones and they are tired. The evacuation was a terribly confusing experience. Some refused to sign papers regarding loyalty; others signed whatever seemed to assure them a right to stay where they were. At Tule Lake they have settled into a dependency not wholly unpleasant and for which they cannot blame themselves. Wherever this group may be sent, they are now permanent dependents on the United States, the localities from which they were evacuated, or on Japan if some scheme is devised for sending them there. Under existing laws they are not deportable, and with the lack of food in conquered Japan they could hope for no welcome there.

Looking at the photographs on the alien identification papers collected on the death of non-citizen residents at Tule Lake, one cannot help being impressed with the signs of hard work, patience, tragedy, suffering, and resignation shown on these old faces: pioneer Americans who helped build our West Coast into a garden spot.

6. *The sick and disabled.* In the Tule Lake hospital are several hundred beds. Two large wards are reserved for the tubercular. There are aged bedfast patients, others with long-time chronic illnesses, the usual acute cases. At the time of segregation many of the patients just happened to be at Tule Lake instead of at one of the other nine centers, and they could not easily be moved. Those in the hospital included several confinement cases; babies were being born as the segregation trains left. Naturally their nearest relatives did not wish to leave the mothers there alone; then with the incidents of November, 1943, the door was closed and no one was allowed to leave while the Army was in temporary control of the

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center. After WRA resumed control, those who had been hospitalized at the time of segregation were urged to transfer to other centers. Many, however, were unwilling to do so and have remained at Tule Lake ever since.

Tom Osaki planned to leave Tule Lake at the time of segregation, but Billy, his six-year-old son, was ill and the doctors had difficulty in diagnosing his trouble, said he should not be moved. Mr. Osaki sent his two older children to Heart Mountain with friends, and he and the child's mother remained at Tule Lake. For months the child lingered on, slowly fading away. When Mr. Osaki thought the boy was dying, he wired his older son and daughter to come back to Tule Lake to see him before he died. Under regulations then in force, visitors from other centers were allowed at Tule Lake only to attend a funeral or if the medical director certified a relative there was dying. The doctor refused to make such a statement about Billy, so permission for the visit was refused. Two days later Billy died. The older children now have relocated in eastern states, but Mr. and Mrs. Osaki felt they must stay where Billy had died for the customary hundred days; then they did not care to leave at all.

Constance Sasaki, a widow with four children, expected to leave Tule Lake on the segregation train for the Granada Center from which she could resettle, but a few days before the planned departure her aged mother fell and broke her hip. There was no question of Mrs. Sasaki's loyalty to her native America, but how could she leave her mother? Now the mother is a chronic invalid, receiving good care in the hospital, happy to have her daughter and grandchildren visit her daily. So far, Mrs. Sasaki has not been able to decide to leave, probably never to see her mother again. The children want to go, but the oldest is not yet sixteen.

As the elderly people at Tule Lake grow older, more and more of them will require infirm care, become unable to go through rain and snow from their dwellings to central mess halls and bath houses, several hundreds of feet distant. Tule Lake may well become, among other things, a huge institution for the sick and disabled. Should these patients be moved to other institutions, and if so to what ones? To county hospitals or state tuberculosis sanatoria? And at whose expense? The climate at Tule Lake with its wind and dust, its bitter cold and gloom, is not one suited for invalids. And do we need Department of Justice internment for the bedfast?

7. *Young people still under parental control.* The 1940 Census showed 30,997 persons of Japanese ancestry in this country who were 10 to 19 years of age, the group who would be 15 to 24 years old now; only 363 of these were foreign-born. In 1942 the median age of all those of Japanese ancestry born in the United States was 18; it would be little different now since the number of children continues to increase.

At the time of registration in 1943, young persons, 17 or older, were allowed to sign their own statements regarding loyalty, and bitter were the clashes in some households regarding this. The Kodami family were at Gila River except for 19-year-old Sam, who was with the U.S. Army in Africa. Mr. Kodami, brooding over the unfairness of the evacuation and losses incurred when he had to leave his prosperous little shop in Seattle, seeing no hope of re-establishing himself in this country, hoping through his business connections and cousins in Japan he could have a better chance of supporting his family there, signed the papers stating he wished to go to Japan. Mrs. Kodami, her loyalty all to her husband, fol-

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lowed his example. Twenty-one-year-old Dora, determined to stay in America, married Tom Kodo, a former classmate at college who shared her views. After being cleared by the authorities, they relocated in Minneapolis. The parents frowned on the marriage although they knew Tom was a fine boy, for they wished to hold the family together. Twenty-year-old Yosiko, who had been working in the hospital at Gila River, likewise defied her parents, signed loyalty statements, entering a training school for nurses in Detroit. The parents were determined 17-year-old Tomiko should not sign any statement of loyalty to the United States, since she must go with them to Tule Lake. Tomiko, her heart with handsome Fikunzo Doi in an army training camp in Texas, wept many tears, refused to obey her parents in signing papers asking to be sent to Japan, and ended by signing nothing, which automatically segregated her with the disloyal. Fifteen-year-old Harry, fiercely loyal, hero worshipper of his soldier-brother Sam, had no chance to sign anything and had to go with his parents and Tomiko to Tule Lake.

Sergeant Doi, in Texas, was distraught when he learned that Tomiko was being dragged off toward Japan, the enemy country. After months of worry he managed to get leave to visit her at Tule Lake where visits by military personnel were always allowed, and there they were married, the parents giving a grudging consent. The problem then was for Tomiko to get her status changed so she could leave with her husband who had living quarters rented for her near his camp, but the FBI and the WRA in Washington, the Western Defense Command in San Francisco, wired no, Tomiko was a segregée. The bridegroom had to return to Texas without his bride. Weeks later, after a transfer to Granada and other

manipulations to circumvent red tape, she reached Texas shortly before he left for overseas. Fortunately he had made friends in Texas, and they took her into their home and helped her secure work after he left.

In the meantime Yosiko, in Detroit, was unhappy. The supervising nurse was strict, especially so with Yosiko. The other student nurses were unlike any girls Yosiko had known and she was shocked when they came in drunk after a cocktail party, seemed to have dates that lasted all night, played practical jokes that were not funny to her. She had thought of nursing as a career of service, but she saw it was not so viewed by the nurses with whom she was associated. Letters from her parents and their friends reproached her for leaving them. Even brother Sam, now in Italy, wrote her it was her duty to look after her parents. Girl friends at Tule Lake wrote that Kenji Oto, who used to take her to high school parties before he went to Japan to enter a university there, was now a "big shot" at Tule Lake; they did not say his leadership was maintained by gangster methods as he tried to turn everyone's loyalty toward Japan. Pretty Yosiko had no men friends in Detroit. One day on a bus she overheard another passenger say to a companion, "Don't sit next to that lousy Jap." Instead of going back to the hospital, she went to the nearest relocation office and insisted on signing a disloyalty statement so she could go to Tule Lake.

She reached there just after word came that her brother Sam had been killed in action. This news affected members of the family in different ways. Harry, not yet 17, appealed to the authorities to help him escape from the midst of the "Japs"; as a real American, the brother of a hero, he demanded the right to decide his own life, "to get back into the United States," to enlist in the Navy, or at least to work

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in a war plant. He wrote so many letters to so many people of importance that finally he managed in spite of all rules to get transferred to another camp from which he might relocate to join the sister in Minneapolis. But Yosiko acted the other way; she began to study Japanese, married Kenji Oto, the Kibei leader, learned how to bow to her lord and master and to submit to his beatings, became a "good wife" in old Japanese fashion.

8. *Children too young to understand the concept of loyalty.* The 1940 Census counted 15,545 children of Japanese ancestry under ten years of age and only 131 of these were foreign-born. Nearly all these children went through the exciting and terrifying experiences of evacuation, detention in placement centers, the move to relocation camps. During all this time ordinary family life did not exist for any of the evacuees, but the older ones could at least remember. The whole family had to sleep in one room; if the family was small they had not even that much privacy, sharing quarters with others. All meals were eaten in huge mess halls; all persons of the same sex in a whole block shared one bathhouse. Children now 15 or younger have forgotten their former homes, the American way of life. Hundreds of children born in the centers have never been in a normal home. At Tule Lake alone, since it opened in the summer of 1942, there have been thirty to fifty births a month. All these children are United States citizens by birth, and the parents of nearly all of this youngest group are likewise American-born, so these are the third generation. Even if grandparents or parents are disloyal, should these children be sent to Japan or to camps intended for dangerous enemies of this country? Few would ad-

vocate that they be separated from their parents, but what responsibility should this country take toward these native sons? If they are sent to Japan now, may not many in years to come wish to return to this country and claim their right to do so?

When Tule Lake first opened, regular school classes for the several thousand children were conducted in some barrack-like buildings. About the time Tule Lake was set apart as a segregation center for the disloyal, the administration ruled that these barracks must be used for some other purpose and special school buildings must be built. From the summer of 1943 until February of 1944, no school whatever was provided by the administration, and the teachers employed on the project were assigned to clerical work. During the six months when no American schools were in operation, Japanese schools flourished, of course doing all they could to foster anti-American sentiment, and persons of all ages attended.

Yet, on the day the administration schools reopened, the first grade teacher, hoping to make friends with the little newcomers who had never been in an American school before, asked them if they would like to sing, and let them select their own song. She was prepared for a Japanese hymn or some jazz number, but with one accord the tiny "disloyal" ones piped up tunelessly with "God bless America, our native land."

Eleanor Kimble was head counsellor at Tule Lake for a period after the "incidents" there. The stories she relates are all true, though the characters have been given fictitious names. Miss Kimble will be remembered as the author of "Restrictive Covenants" in the Autumn 1945 issue of CG.

MOTHERS

FANNIE COOK

THE WAR at last gave me Oleetha—one day a week for cleaning.

The first morning she stalked through my apartment on a tour of inspection. Finally, she came into my study. Fists on hips, tall, brawny, brown, bulbous-nosed, with black eyes and gray, bristling hair, she seemed as oversized and uncompromising as the Statue of Liberty. With head turtled forward, she rendered her verdict: "You ain't kept it bad. Not so bad. Got too much stuff laying around. When I gits them papers throwed out—"

To my protests she retorted, "If you ain't read 'em, why you think you going to?"

I explained about that.

"I give you this week to do your own throwing out. After that, you stay cotched up, else I throw."

That began the war between us, strangely interlocked with the greater war and our soldier sons.

By noontime she had put the black oil-cloth cover on my typewriter and was holding the ladder for me to climb. I was to put a pair of down quilts into a near-ceiling cupboard.

"Make room!" she said. "My Pearl, he's a sergeant. What's yours?"

"Douglass is a lieutenant."

"Them lieutenants ain't nothing but smart schoolboys. Ain't for the sergeants, the lieutenants they done for."

I had a down quilt in each arm and no place to put either one. I said, "Pearl's a terrible name for a boy. For a black boy, it's awful!"

"Douglass ain't no name at all. Reckon you didn't even know what you wanted for that kid. I knew that much. I wished he was white. I give him Pearl for a name."

She was seated now, both hands on her knees, except when she leaned back to draw at her cigarette. "Come you don't throw out, how can you expect room?" she snorted.

"These are things I want. I'll bet your boy hates his name."

"How long them things been up there? Ain't used 'em for a year, then you ain't wanting 'em. He don't hate his name none. He jes hates being black. Pearl's big and black and smart. Big, the way a soldier oughta be. Reckon your boy's kinda little and skinny like you?"

"He's in good condition. He—"

"Soldier oughta be big. How long you gonna stay up there hugging them things?"

I dropped the quilts. One poured silkily over her head and down her body. When next I saw her, she was laughing a huge, all-over laugh, helpless within it.

"I'm waiting on your money," she wheezed. "I got plenty of time."

"You haven't done any cleaning yet."

"I'm making room for cleaning. No use cleaning till I got room for it. I gonna keep this place shining."

"I won't want you after today."

She was silent, squinting up at me through her smoke. "You got me," she announced. "Got me every Wednesday."

I remembered lesser women than Oleetha. I sighed. "I'll throw out some of this

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stuff. I'll make room, but while I'm deciding, you can put the chicken on. Stew it."

"I don't do no cooking on a cleaning day. I cleans. Or I cooks. I don't mix."

"Suppose you start cleaning then!"

"All them bundles up there," she answered, peering up into the cupboard. "Minute I'm around the corner, all that trash'll stay right there. Child, you start reaching it down to me."

She made me part with some of my most precious treasures: the suit I was married in, the hat I wore, the purse I carried.

She tossed the hat into the corner. "Looks like something a chicken was right glad to get shed of. Good for that there clothing drive coming up. Now this here suit, I'll take it home. I know a skinny little orphan. Lives across the alley." She sighed. "Poor orphans! Life ain't never good to 'em. My kids jes missed being orphans."

"Half-way?"

"Their papa died. Whee, did I work to bring up all them kids! Reckon you had a husband and a cook and a nurse and food to eat. Reckon you ain't bothered none with the little lieutenant."

I defended my mothering. I had no nurse. I took care of my children myself. I believed—

She mimicked, "'You believed'—I scrubbed floors nights in a office building. Ain't had no time for believing."

"I used to get very tired, I remember."

"Tired! I even cooked in a sporting house to bring up my kids!"

"You could have cooked in a respectable place."

"Sure I could. For five dollars less. The day the Madame came around looking for a cook, I was in bed with chills. I was getting \$11 a week from a nice lady. Gone all days and my kids buzzing around the

neighborhood like flies. The Madame, she says I won't have to git there till time to cook dinner. The girls ain't up for breakfast and I jes fix lunch and set it in the icebox. Done that the night before when my dishes is washed. So I worked in a sporting house till Pearl he got old enough to ask questions. Then I went to work for a respectable family and we didn't eat so good."

She disappeared down the hall. The quilts were in the cupboard. The rooms looked neat. All afternoon she tornadoed through the place. At 4 on the dot, she quit. The windows shone, and the floors.

"I'll be back next Wednesday," she said around the huge bundle containing my treasures. "Don't ask me to do no cooking."

On Mother's Day I received a box of flowers from Douglass who was in Iran. They made my son seem very far away, for Douglass, fiercely loyal to the household of his birth, yet had never before sent flowers on Mother's Day.

As I stood the pink roses one by one in a vase, I saw the florist who had sent pink, not knowing Douglass would have preferred yellow, not knowing Douglass at all. I saw a large office somewhere in New York dedicated to the mass celebration of motherhood. I saw office girls hurriedly sending telegrams to florists. I saw them reading from cables. I saw the cables being sent. I saw some priest of the Goddess of Motherhood holding out a pencil to Douglass: *Do you or don't you, Lieutenant?* I saw Douglass, fond and frowning, not wanting to be bullied by the commercialism of the occasion, but shrugging and signing, finally, because this time he couldn't think of a substitute way of expressing his filial affection simultaneously with his contempt for what he used to call the "mama racket."

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By Wednesday the roses were dropping. Oleetha came wearing a purple orchid tied with silver ribbon.

"Pearl, he picked it out hisself!" she said as she put her flower into the icebox.

"Where is Pearl?"

She showed me his latest V-mail and thus I learned that Pearl too was in Iran. His APO and Doug's were the same.

I explained about cables and the Florists' Association.

"How-come it was exactly what he sent me last year and the year before and the one before that and all them other years? How come?" Oleetha was noisy with triumph. After all, Doug's roses were done for and Pearl's orchid was fresh. "Do the little lieutenant always send pink roses?"

I maneuvered a strategic retreat. "My son is a surgeon. Runs a first-aid station. If Pearl should—"

"Pearl he don't need no first-aid station or second neither. Pearl's big and strong. Nothing skinny about Pearl. I gonna write him to stay away from them places."

Returning to the home-front war, I said, "Oleetha, if you finish in time, I'd like you to peel some potatoes before you go."

Her eyes snapped. "I cleans or I cooks."

"Scrubbing potatoes is cleaning—"

"Peeling's cooking and they ain't gonna git peeled none!"

As the summer weeks passed, Oleetha's gruff care of the apartment extended into every closet. My surprise at our new spaciousness and gleaming order became grateful obedience to her commands.

The letters from Iran mentioned temperatures so high that Oleetha's eyes and mine met, cowered, and dared not meet again. Once when I asked her—while I was answering the 'phone—to turn on the gas under a kettle of soup I had prepared, she did so, but a little later she told me, "Pearl, he's hot but he ain't got

no sunburn. He ain't gonna blister none, like some folks."

In the fall they were transferred. Letters told us not to worry. We wouldn't hear for a while. Five Wednesdays without letters.

The next time Oleetha had one from Italy. Mine was from Italy, too. Each son was now entitled to a combat star.

Upon this, Oleetha commented, "Pearl, he was in there fighting. He earned his'n! Reckon the little lieutenant, he got his'n for pill-toting. Musta did something way back there where he was at."

Again we endured weeks of no letters. Oleetha would come in the mornings asking, "No letter?" I'd answer, "No letter." All day we wouldn't mention Italy or the war.

On the afternoon of the fourth week Oleetha finished cleaning two hours early. She came into my study without knocking. She sat down in the other chair, far forward, anxiously.

"Pearl," she began, "he's the only one of my six ain't married—"

"Doug's the only one of my three isn't married."

"Pearl—ain't nothing he can't do. Pearl can make a radio as easy as that!" She snapped her fingers.

"I'm sure a man like Pearl is valuable over there."

"Pearl, he can sing prettier than Paul Robeson."

"I'll bet the men like Pearl a lot."

The big hands smoothed at her apron. Her glance roved the ceiling. "I reckon they glad the lieutenant's little. Stuck-up big man's mean. Stuck-up little man's kinda funny."

As balm to whatever wounds I might be suffering, she filled out her day, unasked, washing bath mats and bedspreads usually sent to the laundry.

The next week we had letters: five

from Pearl, four from Doug. Both had gone into Southern France with Patch. That was why we hadn't heard. There were more combat stars and the letters had a different tone.

Pearl's told his mother not to worry. He explained about his insurance papers. He told her to quit working, to take it easy, and not worry. She mustn't worry. Everything with him was swell. Home would sure look good. Brown girls would look wonderful, "Ma" best of all.

Doug's letters no longer mentioned chess and surgical cases. They were brief, stiff comments on the survival of civilization.

As General Patch and the war moved northward, Pearl and Doug won more combat stars. Now their V-mails spat at the Nazis! The bestiality was unbelievable. The Germans, thank God, were beginning to get theirs! Snipers continued to pick off too many American officers. Pearl was proud to fight. Doug was exhausted, would write again, just wanted us to hear. The Nazis were fiends.

The fight became more violent. Germany was crumbling, but not at the Patch front. There the resistance was frantic. Radio and newspapers let us know that our boys were in hell and might not come out.

That Wednesday Oleetha was different. "Hear anything?"

"I had two V-mails. Did you hear?"

"I heard." She didn't turn around. She was bending over, polishing the legs of a table.

When I came out of my study at noon, she was putting the groceries away. I saw that she had singed the chicken. She must have decided singeing was cleaning, not cooking.

"Did you hear—anything—anything special?" I asked.

For answer the door slammed back of her. She was outside emptying waste bas-

kets, not tossing things into the trash can from a distance, as she usually did, but laying this in and that, pushing each batch far down, waiting for me to go away.

When the afternoon mail came, she lumbered down for it before the postman could open our box.

She brought a V-mail and stood, watching me, while I read.

"Well?"

"He must be seeing terrible, terrible things! He says for what the Germans have done to our prisoners, they can never be punished enough."

When I looked up, she was gone.

I wrote to Doug. As I sealed the letter, I heard Five strike. Oleetha had never before stayed so late.

I smelled the chicken, cooking. I heard the ventilating fan. I smelled apples baking.

I went toward the kitchen. I came back. I sat down and waited. I felt hollow. Hollow and weak. My hand trembled as I wrote out the check: To Mrs. Oleetha Johnson.

When she came to get it, nearly an hour later, she was hatted and ready to leave.

"What did you hear, Oleetha?" I asked. "What was it?"

"What is that there 'rotation'?"

"On rotation? You mean—"

"That there's what Pearl's coming home on. He says I mustn't write him no more. He's gonna be here soon. Your dinner, it's cooked. All you gotta do is put a match under to warm it. The pie it turned out light. And I got potato salad made for tomorrow. You ain't gonna need to do none of your fiddling around in that there kitchen, not for three or four days—"

"Pearl is coming home! Oh, I'm so glad for you, Oleetha!"

"If a fighting sergeant can be spared,

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reckon a little lieutenant ain't needed neither. Reckon a schoolboy ain't knowed none how to ask. Take him longer to find out. But I reckon he'll be coming home too. Pearl, he always was smart. See you don't break that pie none, lifting it out the pan!"

From the window I watched her striding toward the Car Stop. All day she had been careful not to flaunt her joy, but now her walk pranced with triumph. Her

shoulders swayed with exultation. Pearl was coming, coming home!

Former contributor to COMMON GROUND, Fannie Cook is the winner of the George Washington Carver Memorial Award given by Doubleday, Doran for the best novel on Negro life in America. Her book, Mrs. Palmer's Honey, will be published in February.

FOR A WORLD PLANNER

BIANCA BRADBURY

Before you went a-journeying,
Doctor, did you look?
Is anybody ill at home
Of germs not brought to book?

Is it unsociable to ask
If children like to see
Bending over them as nurse
Our Lady Poverty?

Is it indelicate to probe
Where seeds of sickness are—
An inn's Selected Clientele—
A Jim Crow car?

Or would that prove too costly
In time and thought and labor?
It may be easier
To heal a neighbor.

Bianca Bradbury is the author of one book of verse, *Half the Music*, and several children's books, the latest of which is *The Antique Cat*.

DIPLOMA

LUCILE ROSENHEIM

NO MATTER how busy she was grating onions, boiling corned-beef, chopping livers and herring and cabbage for BLAZEK'S FINE FOODS DELICATESSEN Anna Blazek could not get the thought of Commencement out of her mind.

And why? Because of her husband, Josef. Just an hour ago at lunch, as he washed down the last crumb of kolatchy with a gulp of good, steaming coffee, he had started the argument.

"Anna," he had said, "you got Paul's curtains hanging out on the line again."

"Yes," Anna had answered. "So they should be nice and fresh when he gets home. When a boy is gone two years, he deserves clean curtains in his bedroom."

"But Mama, you just washed them last week! Every time a boat lands you expect Paul home the next day. It's foolishness, running yourself down cleaning and scrubbing his room all the time when maybe he won't be back for another six months."

"Another six months!" Anna felt anger scorch her cheeks and throat. "So Paul won't be home for his nineteenth birthday. And whose fault is it? Who signed the paper so he could go in the Navy when he was too young, even, to be drafted?"

The minute the words were out she could have bitten her tongue for saying them—again. But she could not help it. They were in her mind always, and now that the war was over this waiting for Paul was almost harder than before.

Josef said nothing. Carefully he patted his chin and mouth and nose with the big

white napkin, and, as she waited for his words, Anna heard the noises from the street come thronging into the room. There were the sirens on cars and bells on bicycles; the songs and shouting of a hundred children as they swelled the voice of the college band. The drums and trumpets blared into the kitchen, and as the procession moved down Center Street, and the cheering dissolved into sporadic flashes of sound, Anna hurried to the sink and pushed on the hot-water faucet full force to shut it out.

"Anna," said Josef, "maybe you change your mind about going to Commencement with me tomorrow?"

Anna did not turn to look at him. She shook the box of soap-chips over the steaming dishpan so hard that clots floated on the surface. "I don't go to the Commencement, Josef," she said harshly. "I told you yesterday I don't go. I told you last week."

She heard him scrape his chair back on the linoleum floor and stand up. "Every year for nineteen years we go to the Commencement together, Anna. And every year for nineteen years we plan and work hard and save for the day when our Paul will stand up on the platform. Now, maybe, it will be soon—next year, the year after. When I go to graduation tomorrow, I will see him there, marching with the class. Why can't you see him there, too, Anna? If you try you can do it."

Anna turned around. "I am not like you, Josef. I see nothing that isn't there. Last year I could not go, and this year I

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cannot go either." A blast of heat poured over her like the blast from an oven when you open the door to baste a roast. "You are the scholar, the philosopher!" she said bitterly. "You roll out words like I roll out kuchen batter. Why didn't you use the right words to keep him home?"

Josef sighed. "Again I tell you, I had no right to keep him home. This country has been good to us, Anna. We came here for freedom and happiness and here we have found them. You do not take everything from your country and give back nothing!"

With that he picked up his good blue suit to carry it to Hammerman to be pressed for Commencement, and as he walked out of the kitchen Anna marveled, for the thousandth time, that this frail little man, dreamy and absent-minded and simple-hearted as a child, could be as stubborn as wet rope when it came to his principles.

When she finished washing the lunch dishes, she brought out the chopping blade and wooden bowl and started cutting up the chicken liver, onions, and hard-boiled eggs. Cooking was happy work; for good food gave people comfort and pleasure. Her anger subsided as she worked, so that when the front bell tinkled and she pushed through the swinging doors leading from the kitchen into the store, she was herself again.

There was Mickey Kropinsky, the telegraph boy, with a yellow envelope in his hand. He was not grinning his usual impudent, broken-toothed grin. His eyes clung to the counter as Anna reached across it and jerked the message away from him. Without looking at it, she said harshly, "When you deliver telegrams, you should be decent, with clean hands. Filthy like a farmer's they are. Go wash them in the sink."

Then she turned the envelope over and

over and, although she did not open it, her heart knew exactly what it said. She crushed it so hard that the corners bit nicks into her flesh. She would smash it, destroy it. The message was a mistake. It could not be meant for her. She knew no one who would send her a telegram.

Mickey came out of the kitchen, his hands still dripping. "Go upstairs, Mrs. Blazek," he said. "Lie down awhile. You look like you don't feel good."

Anna buried the envelope in the pocket of her apron. "I feel fine. Run, now, with your telegrams. I got work to do."

Mickey did not move. "I'll watch the store till Mr. Blazek comes home. Honest to God, I won't steal nothing."

Anna gave him a push. "I said you should go!" Her voice was a shout in her ears.

Mickey went. For several minutes Anna stood uncertainly at the counter, wondering what to do. Then, suddenly, she remembered. She hurried upstairs to Paul's room.

The bright June sun poured like honey through the open windows; the green shades flapped lazily against the black wire screens; the rubbery freshness of melting tar rose from the hot pavement. The room was moving and alive, as she always kept it. At once she felt better. Paul's room was filled with Paul; with his tennis racket and boxing gloves and fishing rod; with the trumpet in its scuffed black imitation-leather case and the bony music stand that toppled over at a nudge.

Here there was always something to do. As soon as her hands got busy again, she would be all right. They would cure the numbness in her head and the tight, painful throbbing in her chest. Good, useful work would straighten out everything again.

In the closet were all the boxes, filled to overflowing with dusty match-packs, old marbles, penknives. She would pack them

DIPLOMA

away now, and when Paul came back he could sort them over himself.

Anna emptied the sagging, broken boxes on the floor and brought up some clean cartons from the basement.

When she heard Josef's footsteps on the stairs, she called to him cheerfully. "Come, Josef, we pack Paul's things to-



gether. So much junk here. Plenty work for all afternoon."

Josef walked into the room. "We can't leave the store alone, Mama," he said. Then he looked at her closely. "Your face is so white. You feeling all right?"

"Fine, Josef. Don't worry with the store. When the door opens, we hear the bell ring. Customers don't care if they wait a minute. See this calendar Paul made for us in kindergarten? He hung it for a surprise on the Christmas tree."

Anna handed Josef the calendar and a little printed card. *Paul Blazek passes from kindergarten into the first grade.* He read it slowly, then smiled. "I remember, Anna."

Anna handed Josef a snapshot. "Here

was the Boy Scout Camp where he won so many badges."

But Josef was busy fingering a big felt letter that Paul had earned on the basketball team. "He is good at games," said Josef. "A big, strong boy, not near-sighted and skinny like his papa."

The bell tinkled and Josef hurried downstairs. He was gone a long time. When he came back, Anna did not hear him. That was how it was when she worked hard. A fire could start in her shoes and she would not know it. She did not know that Josef was there until he plucked her arm and said sharply, "Anna, why are you putting those things in the cartons?"

Anna jerked up at the sound of his voice. She looked at the carton in front of her. In it, neatly folded as she always folded things to be sent away, were all of Paul's clothes; the shirts and socks and underwear from his bureau drawers; the suits and sweaters she had packed in moth-balls, awaiting his return.

Anna rubbed her hands across her eyes. Then she looked at the other cartons on the floor. They were already packed and tied. Written in ink on each one was the address:

Salvation Army
10 Center Street
Highlands, Illinois

Panic-stricken, she looked down at her hands. They had betrayed her. They had packed things away as if Paul would not use them any more. They acted as if Paul would never need his tennis racket and fishing rod and boxing gloves again.

Anna's head buzzed as if it were filled with a thousand flies. Just in time, Josef reached down and helped her to her feet. Together they sat down on Paul's bed.

"Anna," said Josef quickly, after she had stopped trembling, "did you hear something from Paul?"

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"No, not from Paul!" Anna said quickly. But, even as she spoke, her hands betrayed her again. They reached into her apron pocket and brought out the crumpled yellow ball.

Josef smoothed it on his palm and removed the message from the envelope. Anna did not look at the printed words at all. She just watched Josef. Right before her eyes he seemed to shrink away to nothing. His shoulders sank into his coat, and his pale blue eyes all but vanished into their puckered chamois bags. His whole face gathered into a knot.

When she saw that, the dizziness left Anna. She put her strong arm around him and drew him to her. "I'll go with you, Josef," she said eagerly. "I'll go to the graduation. We'll close the store early and find a good seat, just like we always did."

Josef straightened up and took both of Anna's hands in his. She watched his face and saw that it was no longer a tight knot, but the gentle, kindly face she knew so well. "Anna," he said, "you must listen to me. You must let me read the telegram to you."

Anna tried to say, "No!" but her throat was sealed like an envelope. Then Josef looked deeply into her eyes and said softly, "Your heart has read it already; but you do not want to believe it."

"Yes, Josef."

"Maybe your heart does not understand. Maybe you think why did this happen now, when all the fighting is over?"

Anna nodded her head.

"But fighting for the right can never be over, Anna. And always it is dangerous. Accidents, as well as bombs, are the cost of preserving Freedom."

"Why did it have to be Paul?" The

words cut her throat like jagged bits of glass.

"Because," said Josef firmly, as if this answer had lived with him a long time, "only the bravest and the finest are ready for their Commencement so early."

"Commencement, Josef?"

"Yes, Anna. Just now, while we looked through the boxes, I was thinking how many little graduations our Paul has had." He was holding her hands strongly, warming them with his own. "From roller-skates to bicycles; from marbles to football; from Boy Scouts to the — Navy. And many graduations we felt bad about. Remember how you cried at the grammar-school graduation? We always feel bad when we see our children growing up, growing away from us. And we try to hold them back. We forget they can never really leave us; they will always be with us. As they graduate from one way of living, they simply commence another. And from this last Commencement, Anna, we cannot hold back our son, either."

Josef handed her the telegram. She read it through slowly, groping behind each word for the meaning Josef wanted her to find. At last it came to her. "I see now, Papa," she said. "Paul has finished his work here. This is his diploma."

Then, together, they smoothed the crumpled message, erasing the anguish that Anna had crushed into it. For this diploma, like all of the others, must be enthroned in their hearts free from bitterness, forever shining and golden.

Lucile Rosenheim has taught dancing and sold books, and has published material in a variety of publications ranging from Hygeia and Retail Bookseller to Red-book. The sketch is by Kurt Werth.

EQUAL JOB OPPORTUNITY

MALCOLM ROSS

THIS is a time of change in the manner in which Americans earn their daily bread. All of us are involved. The displaced banker and the migrant war worker, the veteran who fought in France and the clerk who sweltered in Washington, each has his personal reconversion problem. The economic face of the world has been altered by that great scene shifter, the war. Men and women everywhere are appraising their old lives and planning new ones. The air is vibrant with expectation. It is, at its core, a hopeful time. Out of the wrack of war men have salvaged new techniques and materials. We have the great boon of peace in which to work out our destinies. Perhaps most hopeful, we are acutely aware that our complicated industrial civilization can drift into disaster for lack of guidance.

In 1918 the Armistice with its deliverance from bloodshed raised a worldwide shout of joy. In 1945 we accepted peace in a more sober mood. We have a national memory of the economic disasters which lack of foresight brought upon us in the 1920s, and we are resolved this time to take counsel from our mistakes in those years.

Equal opportunity to use one's acquired skill in earning a living—whether during war, readjustment, or peace—is a bread-and-butter problem. That it is also a fundamental of democracy goes without saying. But the practical bread-and-butter facet of the problem is the one I want to consider here.

There are in this country two primary economic groups. The first comprises those whose comfortable incomes or secured salaries place them on that pleasant level where reconversion is highly unlikely to affect the contents of the family market basket. It may mean a cutback from caviar to smoked salmon, but they stand in small danger of being hungry, homeless, or unattended in illness. For the second group, comprising the great mass of wage earners, prolonged unemployment has a direct relationship to the family bread basket and coal bin. They live a jump ahead of the pay check. The reaction of economic ills upon them is immediate and inexorable. It was out of their fear of insecurity that the riots and strikes of 1919 largely arose. True, their situation is somewhat better now, though temporary displacements are inevitable. We have a wider cushion of war savings; we have industry, government, labor, and diplomacy all working at reconversion. Opinions differ as to procedures, but we are at work evolving them. If one compares the front pages of today's newspapers with those of 1919, one is struck with the vastly greater knowledge and determination with which we are tackling today's readjustment to peace.

But that is not in itself cause for optimism about the chances of minority group workers to share speedily and fully in the opening job opportunities of reconversion. The Negro, the Mexican American, sometimes the Jew, and sometimes the American of foreign extraction, traditionally

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have been condemned to the more menial and lower-paid jobs. The war taught them skills and raised their industrial status. Yet the peace, unless we are both wise and active through forestalling discrimination, can easily reduce them again to the level where individual skill and energy cannot hurdle the barriers of race, color, or creed.

That history may not repeat itself in this matter, let us briefly face the past and from it take thought on how to act now.

Thirty years ago nine out of every ten Negro workers were on farms or in domestic service. The high wages and need for manpower in the war plants of 1916 and 1917 stimulated a mass movement of Negroes away from the farms of the South to industrial centers both south and north. By 1918 there were a million Negro workers in northern war industries. Negroes lost their place in industry in 1920, yet the wave of migration continued. During the prosperous 1920s and during the depression of the 1930s, more than a million Negroes moved permanently north. They did not, however, recapture the status of the World War I years. The census of 1940 revealed that Negro workers had made little progress in three decades; they formed a smaller proportion of those working in mining, manufacturing, transportation, and communication in 1940 than in 1910. In the period between the two world wars, the number of Negro mechanics shrank from 10,000 to 4,000, boilermakers from 1,400 to 500, railroad firemen from 6,000 to 2,000. In the fight for jobs during the depression, Negroes had even been squeezed out of their traditional service jobs by white workers.

When we entered the present war, it was apparent that neither in numbers employed nor in training were Negro workers prepared to take a place in war

industry commensurate with their willingness and ability. A study by the Bureau of Employment Security revealed that 50 per cent of nearly 300,000 job openings expected to occur by February 1942 would not be available to Negro workers. In the early months of defense preparation and war, unemployed white workers were the first to be given jobs, and the training courses for future war workers were almost exclusively provided for whites.

The dilemma of Mexican Americans followed similar patterns. The Southwest traditionally had kept Mexican American citizens at low paid work. Both management and labor resisted the upgrading of Mexican Americans in oil refineries and copper mines. These Americans, too, as the Negroes, left their native states by the tens of thousands to seek war work on the West Coast and in the North.

Discrimination was the open and unchallenged cause of this uneconomic waste of national manpower. On June 25, 1941, President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 8802 which declared it national policy not to discriminate in government service or defense industry because of race, creed, color, or national origin. This was subsequently re-enforced through Executive Order 9346 in May 1943.

All Federal departments and agencies were thus committed to a policy of non-discrimination. Contractors with the Army, Navy and Maritime Commission were bound by a non-discrimination clause. The War Manpower Commission was made responsible that discrimination was not practiced in the recruitment, training, and utilization of war workers.

The Fair Employment Practice Committee, set up to enforce Executive Order 8802, played a dual role, as friendly adviser to those who wished to follow the national policy but needed counsel on how to go about it, and as a sort of shepherd dog to guide straying sheep into the

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fold. No exact measure of FEPC's effectiveness is possible, but there is much evidence that the agency played an important part in bringing about full utilization of the nation's manpower.

Since its inception the Committee has processed some 12,000 cases and has settled about forty per cent of these satisfactorily, with the remaining cases dismissed on merits or because of insufficient evidence. During this period the Committee held thirty hearings involving 132 companies, thirty-eight unions and five government agencies. It helped eliminate discrimination through the operation of eight agreements with other government agencies and with two labor unions. Over the entire period about eighty per cent of the Committee's cases involved Negroes and Mexican Americans; ten per cent were based on creed, involving mainly Jews; and ten per cent on national origin, involving citizens of foreign birth. As the war progressed, discrimination because of national origin decreased about five per cent and Negro cases increased correspondingly.

The combined efforts of government agencies, employers, and unions vastly improved the position of minority group workers over what it had been when the war started. At the time Japan capitulated, every twelfth American war worker was a Negro or a Mexican American. In the brief war years in which they enjoyed industrial jobs, they doubled the number of their members qualified for skilled or semi-skilled jobs.

The million and a half non-white workers who found places in prime war industries were matched comparably by the 300,000 who were in Federal service on V-J Day. Government itself in 1942 had not been a model employer insofar as Negroes were concerned. But by 1944 almost twelve per cent of all Federal employees were Negro, and the proportion employed

in clerical and professional positions had substantially increased.

Perhaps the most significant figures are these: In July 1942, Negroes comprised only 2.5 per cent of those employed in plants reporting to the War Manpower Commission; in November 1944 that percentage had risen to 8.3. The question is whether or not the latter figure represents merely temporary wartime use of the industrial skills of a group comprising one-tenth of the American people, or whether the skills they acquired and willingly applied during the period of their country's desperate need will be taken over for the building of prosperity and peace.

Only a few months have passed since Japan collapsed. It is too early to make a final judgment. Yet the evidence so far at hand must be described as disturbing. Our reports from FEPC Regional Directors contain many indications of a willingness now to condemn Negroes, Mexican Americans, and other minorities to menial jobs.

It is to be expected that more Negroes will be displaced proportionately than white workers, since Negroes by and large entered war industry late and have a relatively poor seniority status. Of the first 220,000 workers laid off in Detroit, some 42,000 were Negroes. Numbers of these are leaving for their homes out of the state, but the majority will probably remain in Detroit. The question is whether they will share the waiting period and the eventual reconversion jobs with white workers, or whether, as has already been suggested, they must prepare to content themselves with totally unskilled jobs irrespective of what trades the war years taught them. Shall they in fact become a group apart, condemned to a long period of idleness, seeing their savings dwindle, arriving at last at the hard realization that their personal qualifications are not saleable?

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In the Southwest a great aircraft center was closed down by V-J Day. Five thousand Mexican Americans and 1,800 Negroes were suddenly faced with displacement or with certainty of eventual dismissal. At Kansas City, four plants released 5,000 Negroes. At St. Louis, great ammunition and aircraft plants which utilized thousands of Negro war workers have closed down. These are the fortunes of war. All the workers expected it. Again, the only question is whether all cutback workers will leave the gates of war plants with the confident hope that when jobs do become available they will have a fair chance to get them.

If wartime experience is a guide, minority group workers will not have that equal chance. The signs are contrariwise.

In one great midwestern city, for example, there soon will be great activity in the garment, shoe, textile, and chemical industries. The Negro heretofore and now has a scant foothold, if any, in these industries. Also in this city are thousands of Negroes already displaced from war plants where most of them received their first and only industrial training. The peacetime industries of this city will soon have to make a choice as to whether to welcome the idle Negro war workers or to adopt a policy of discrimination in peacetime production. The same choice presents itself in a score of war centers all over the country.

In an eastern seaboard city a war plant recently cut back all its several hundred Negro employees except twelve, who were retained as janitors. The normal personnel man takes infinite pains to see that his company retains the best skilled among its workers. But here this sound practice has been abandoned in favor of an unbusinesslike reliance on a spectrum of skin colors. In this same city there have lately appeared many applications for workers from reconversion plants reading "for

white only" and "for white Gentiles only."

It is sometimes well to climb down from the plane of statistics and examine the human being subjected to discrimination. Here is a letter written by a young Jewish girl:

"I am a nineteen-year-old girl just out of high school trying to get a job and always get the same answer, 'We don't hire any Jews here.' Seventeen years ago my father passed away, leaving my mother in a strange city with two small infants to support. We were put on relief as my mother couldn't go out to work. Through the years we struggled, and after we got older Mother got herself a labor job working late into the night, coming home too tired to eat. We were deprived of many things children should have. As hard as we struggled, we didn't quit school. We went until we graduated. Our thoughts were, now our mother could stop working. We went out looking for jobs. I have gone into large concerns too numerous to mention and have been turned down because I am a Jew. Are we to be considered outcasts?"

This girl has lived nearly all her life under the cloud of a major economic depression and a world war. The history of her struggles and achievement is a saga of the American dream of opportunity for all—except the last sad chapter. The answer to her query: "Are we to be considered outcasts?" must be answered by this war generation. It has too long been on too many lips.

I am not prepared to become prophetic in terms of this or that number of millions who may be unemployed during the transition period. Whatever the figure may be, and no matter how speedily war workers become peacetime workers, it is certain that minorities are in special peril of being downgraded, and not through any scientific selection of qualified personnel.

Does this, too, apply to minority work-

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ers in government service? Over the war years charges of discrimination within government service have amounted to 25 per cent of FEPC's cases. Because all branches of the government service were committed to a non-discrimination policy, those cases found to be valid have generally yielded to treatment. It has been estimated that at the peak there were some 300,000 Negroes in government service. But it should be noted that the bulk of these were workers in the Army arsenals and Navy shore establishments and therefore subject to sharp cutbacks. Of the Negro workers remaining in the Federal government, many are employed in temporary war agencies. The permanent gains of Negroes in Federal service during the war are not so impressive in numbers therefore as they are in placement at higher skills than heretofore. I hope and believe this gain will not be lost.

Since V-J Day, many government controls have been lifted or relaxed and reliance has been placed on voluntary community action to achieve results during reconversion. In respect to FEPC, the progress made during actual hostilities cannot continue, but will retrogress, unless the communities at once accept their responsibility and unless the American people as a whole, through Congress, implement the national policy of non-discrimination.

Communities have a primary responsibility. While the situation has not yet developed to test the ability of war production cities to meet this problem, it cannot fail to do so soon. Throughout the war years some seven hundred and fifty thousand Negroes have either migrated from the South to the North or from farms to war production centers within the South. The war greatly accelerated the motion of the pendulum which for recent decades has swung Negroes away from farms and into urban life. The permanently increased popula-

tion of great war production centers, both North and South, poses a problem which the next year must decide.

No discussion of this kind can avoid the possible effects of discrimination on the relationship between labor and management. Race was used as a factor in the strikes which broke out after the First World War. During World War II there were more than a hundred strikes over racial issues at a time when jobs were plentiful and when labor-management relationships had been stabilized by government action. In 53 of these strikes FEPC, asked to lend its assistance, aided in quick settlement. To permit minority group workers now to become a disproportionately large part of the unemployed, even though it is transitory unemployment, is to invite their use as strikebreakers and to inject into already delicate situations the added racial hazard. This happened after the last war. I think we should face the possibility of recurrence in order to forestall it.

I am conscious of having listed here many of the gloomier sides of this question and of having projected some grim possibilities. Not to gloss the matter over seems imperative at this time. In equal candor I can say that great gains have been made in educating people against discrimination by means of government intervention. I link "education" and "intervention" because experience has shown the best results where a third party has firmly moved against discrimination. Two things the war has proved. First, that Americans generally will abandon discriminatory practices (and be glad they did later) as soon as their minds are convinced of the justice and the utility of equal job opportunity for all. Secondly, the reluctance of workers to accept minority group workers among them disappears and gives way to friendly relations once the step is taken.

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There are hundreds of instances in FEPC experience to prove both those points. The great church congregations, labor unions, and other national organizations have endorsed this principle of equal job opportunity for they have seen with their own eyes that it is a workable one. This national consciousness of the problem, and a corresponding determination to solve it, represents an immeasurable gain over all past periods in our history. We are resolved not to complete another cycle, as we once did, of calling

upon our minority groups to help win a war and then excluding them from the opportunities of creating a lasting peace.

Malcolm Ross is the Chairman of the National Committee on Fair Employment Practice. The substance of this article was presented as a speech at a conference on "Federal Responsibility for Guaranteeing Fair Employment Practice," sponsored by the Southern Conference for Human Welfare in New York last September.

• Miscellany •

THE INSTITUTE OF ETHNIC AFFAIRS has been incorporated to deal with problems of group tension and conflict, "problems commonly referred to as 'racial' in origin, which imperil human affairs at home and abroad." COMMON GROUND readers will remember preliminary discussions of such an Institute in articles by John Collier, Saul K. Padover, and Ward Shepard. Its method of approach will be action-research "because in human affairs research is immeasurably more effective when evoked by the needs of action and made to flow into action and to be tested through action. And action without prior and continuing research is wasteful, when not dangerous. In ethnic affairs, such action-research endeavors to bring to bear, and to bring within the scope of the 'lay' citizen, all that science can discover and predict, concerning ethnic tensions, maladjustments, conflicts, or neglected group opportunities.

"The Institute will give prior attention to those ethnic problems whose solutions are of central importance to the peace and

good order of the world but which are nevertheless comparatively neglected. Preliminary plans are being drawn for the initiation of the following action-research projects:

"Excluding the Philippine Islands, the United States governs seven dependent areas with a combined population of over two and one-half millions: Puerto Rico, Panama Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Hawaii, Alaska, American Samoa, and Guam, largely inhabited by peoples confronted variously with problems of ethnic conflict, aspirations for self-government or independence, economic dislocation, immigration, inadequate or improperly utilized natural resources, impinging industrialism, sub-standard health, educational or other welfare requirements. With the conclusion of the war, the United States seems destined to extend its responsibility at least to the Marianas, Carolines, and Marshall Islands, heretofore mandated to Japan by the League of Nations. The government of these off-shore territories will, in the years ahead, have a far-reaching

influence upon the treatment of dependent peoples everywhere. The prestige and world leadership of the United States will be vitally affected by the extent to which intelligent long-range policies are adopted and enlightened administrative systems are established for these areas."

Other matters of immediate interest to the Institute include the Rio Grande Valley of the U.S.A., the Mexican laborer in the United States, the American Indian administration, exclusionary racism, and so on. For a prospectus of the Institute, address the president, John Collier, 817 Southern Building, Washington, D.C.

THE OPEN DOOR (office in the Community Church, 40 East 35th Street, New York City) is an experiment with a new technique for handling cases of discrimination arising from race, religion, or national origin. It is sponsored jointly by the East and West Association and a group of clergymen of various faiths. The method is simple and direct. Complaints of discrimination are investigated, and where a complaint is supported by a checking of the facts, an effort is made to eliminate the discrimination through personal conferences and discussions. If this fails, the case is brought before a panel of clergymen who hear all sides of the story and, after careful questioning and weighing of the facts, make recommendations for clearing up the situation. The case is followed up to see whether the recommended action takes place, and it is never dropped until conditions are satisfactory, even if this means another panel hearing.

So far, almost surprising success is reported, and The Open Door invites individuals and organizations to make full use of its services. It emphasizes that it is not competing with other groups in the field of race relations, but is rather developing a technique which is at the disposal of all groups.

JON (see "Jon" by Jade Snow Wong in the Autumn 1945 issue) looked critically at the sketches of him drawn by Miné Okubo and shook his head. "That cannot be I," he said. "My mommie never lets me take off my shoes and stockings. That little boy has certainly lost his manners and the worms will bite his soles."

SHORTLY AFTER THE D.A.R. had denied the use of Constitution Hall in Washington to the Negro concert pianist, Hazel Scott, Mrs. Julius Y. Talmadge of Athens, Georgia, president-general of the organization, advocated restriction of immigration to this country "for at least five years" as a means of "helping preserve democracy." An AP dispatch quoted Mrs. Talmadge as saying to an Iowa conference that there were 3,500,000 refugees in the United States and adding: "Our ancestors were different from the refugees of the present time. They came to this country with the pioneer spirit, but those who come to this country now come with the outstretched hand."

One of the most effective answers to these actions by the national D.A.R. has come from United States District Judge Philip Forman of Trenton, New Jersey. The local chapter of the D.A.R. has been distributing Americanization literature to new citizens in his court as it does in many other sections of the country. "I called Mrs. Leavitt [chairman of the Americanization committee of the county D.A.R.]," said Judge Forman, "and expressed my appreciation for the services rendered heretofore by the various chapters of the D.A.R. I told her, however, that the action of the national body of the D.A.R. in restricting the use of its hall in the capital at Washington against Negroes was the kind of policy that could not be reconciled with the doctrines of American citizenship. I suggested that unless the chapters desiring to participate in these

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proceedings would repudiate the action of their national body, their introduction would be embarrassing to the new citizens, the court, and the D.A.R. itself. I understood that the local organizations were to consider the matter and that they would not ask to be represented in the court sessions until the action I suggested was taken."

Judge Forman, CG notes happily, is a Common Council member.

"FREEDOM'S PEOPLE" is the title of a series of records dealing with the Negro's participation in American life. They may be purchased from the U.S. Office of Education, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, for \$1.50 each. There are nine 16-inch records, playable only at 33 1/3 r.p.m.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE of Christians and Jews has announced the 13th annual observance of national Brotherhood Week for February 17-24, 1946. The theme is "In Peace as in War—Teamwork." Program aids for use in schools and colleges may be secured by writing to the National Conference, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16. Materials are adapted to age levels in the schools. Plays, comics, posters, book lists, and other types of literature are available.

A SHOW OF HANDS WANTED: CG has mounted for display purposes the pictures from its various issues—8 to a poster—and is making them available on loan to schools and libraries or organizations wishing to show them. The enthusiasm with which they have been received prompts us to think there may be many groups and institutions which would like to purchase permanent sets of their own. We could make this possible by printing the pictures directly on poster board, not mounting them individually, but the cost involved

is prohibitive unless done in quantity. Sets of 8 posters (64 CG pictures) could probably sell for \$5. We would like to hear from readers who might be interested in purchasing such sets. Then, if the demand seems to warrant the expense, we will go ahead with the printing.

ENCOURAGING INSTANCES of racial democracy practiced by church groups have been reported from the South in recent weeks. White delegates to the United Council of Church Women, meeting in Washington, lived in Negro homes or clubs, and Negro delegates lived in white homes. The Presbyterian Church of Chapel Hill, North Carolina—the state university town—has voted to admit Negro members. It says, "This church does not encourage Negroes to desert their own churches for membership or worship in this church. On the other hand, we do not close our doors or discriminate against or receive with aught but the spirit of Christ any sincere worshipper who presents himself."

THE BUREAU FOR INTERCULTURAL Education (1697 Broadway, New York 19) has published several new pamphlets: "Look Beyond the Label" by Irene Jaworski, a one-act play suitable for stage or radio presentation, 18 pp., 15¢; and two pamphlets on the principles and practices of the workshop movement in intercultural education: "The Workshop" by Paul B. Diederich and William Van Til, 32 pp., 25¢; and "The Montclair Conference on Workshop Planning" by Lester Dix, 56 pp., 25¢.

INTERESTING IN CONNECTION with Malcolm Ross's piece earlier in these pages, "Equal Job Opportunity," is Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 110—"Will Negroes Get Jobs Now?" by Herbert R. Northrup. Order from 30 Rockefeller Plaza. 10¢.

• The Common Council at Work •

IN LATE NOVEMBER, after twenty years in its old offices, the Council moved to new quarters in the Willkie Memorial Building at 20 West 40 Street, New York, 18. The greater accessibility of this new location—just across from the Public Library and within a few minutes' walk of Times Square and the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations—will, it is hoped, encourage our members and friends to come in closer personal touch with the Council's work.

The Willkie Memorial Building, established on the initiative of Freedom House, will house organizations serving causes for which Wendell Willkie fought, and provide meeting and conference rooms. Seven organizations have been invited to have their headquarters in the building. In addition to the Common Council for American Unity and Freedom House, these are the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the Public Education Association, the Citizens Housing Council and the World Students Service Fund.

With its move to new quarters, the Common Council hopes to expand its services. The need for increased work is particularly urgent during these critical post-war years. We cannot have "one world" unless we realize our ideal of "one nation"; and the door of equal opportunity is still closed to all too many Americans because they happen to be darker skinned, or speak with an accent, or share a minority faith.

To undertake an expanded service, the Council is trying to raise a budget of at least \$150,000 for 1946. This is an increase of \$50,000. To aid in obtaining it, the Council appeals to its friends to increase their support and to help in enlisting new members.

THE COUNCIL'S AMERICAN UNITY AWARD was presented to Frank Sinatra Saturday evening, November 17, at Carnegie Hall, New York, in recognition of his work for tolerance and the film, "The House I Live In." A gala program, attended by some 2,500 people, featured stars of radio, screen and stage. Norman Corwin, assisted by Zero Mostel, served as master of ceremonies. Among those appearing and paying tribute to the cause of tolerance and American unity were David Brooks, Thelma Carpenter, Katherine Dunham, Duke Ellington, Janice Gilbert, Hertha Glatz, Harry Hershfield, Hildgarde, Sam Jaffe, Oscar Karlweis, Vic Mizzy, Susan Reed, Rolly Rolls, Mary Small, Benay Venuta, Margaret Webster, Josh White and the American Community Chorus. The award to Mr. Sinatra was presented by Charles Poletti, former governor of New York and chairman of one of the Council's committees. In responding Mr. Sinatra said:

"This wonderful occasion is a tremendous landmark in my life. That I have been chosen to receive this award gives me profound happiness. Yet it is by no means the elation that one feels when receiving a token of having achieved merely material success; for this plaque is a symbol of a much broader horizon and my acceptance of it, to my mind, is less for what I have tried to do than for what I must do in the future.

"This is as serious a moment as a 21st birthday. No longer can I toy with ideas of what I will do when I grow up. This presentation, I humbly trust, is my acceptance of maturity and all the grim responsibility that maturity entails. And so I want to go on record as solemnly promising to contribute unstintingly to the moral obligation implicit in the expres-

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sion, 'growing up.' All those peoples whom I can reach I want to help, for I sincerely believe that all the old verities like goodness, truth, loyalty, decency and above all, tolerance, are required living for all of us if we are not to slip back into darkness. So with deep gratitude and the full consciousness of its significance, I accept this token of services done and services to be done."

Those who have seen Mr. Sinatra's eloquent and effective work in "The House I Live In," or are familiar with his work in schools and with youth groups, know that he has already done a great deal. As Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace telegraphed: "I know of no one more deserving of this award than Mr. Sinatra."

In addition to its award to Mr. Sinatra, the Council also presented a Citation of Merit to "One Nation," the book by Wallace Stegner and the Editors of "Look," "in recognition of its vivid and objective portrayal in word and picture of the problem of racial and religious prejudice and discrimination in the United States and its forthright contribution to the cause of equal opportunity for all, better understanding and American unity." The citation was presented by Nicholas Kelley, Chairman of the Council's Board, and accepted by Harlan Logan, Editor of "Look." Elmer A. Carter, member of the New York State Commission against Discrimination, also spoke, and a short radio play, "Our American Experiment," by Jacques F. Ferrand, of the Council staff, was another feature of the program.

A Committee of Sponsors, to aid, by their endorsement, in making the Council's work more widely known and in ob-

taining increased support, is being formed. Those who have already accepted membership include: George W. Bacon, Van Wyck Brooks, Lyman Bryson, Pearl S. Buck, Henry Seidel Canby, Mary Ellen Chase, John Collier, Edward Corsi, John Dewey, Clarence A. Dykstra, Edwin R. Embree, Harry D. Gideonse, Carter Goodrich, Frank P. Graham, Shelby M. Harrison, Adolph Held, Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., Langston Hughes, Philip C. Jessup, Alvin Johnson, Thomas W. Lamont, Herbert H. Lehman, Carey McWilliams, Thomas Mann, Margaret Mead, Henry Monsky, William Allan Neilson, Clarence E. Pickett, Mrs. Willard Pope, Joseph M. Proskauer, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, James T. Shotwell, George N. Shuster, Spyros Skouras, Carll Tucker, Robert F. Wagner and Lin Yutang.

TWO NEW MEMBERS recently elected to the Council's Board of Directors are Donald Young, formerly Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania and now Executive Director of the Social Science Research Council, and Nicholas Kalashnikoff, Siberian-born, American writer. Mr. Kalashnikoff is most widely known for his "They That Take the Sword" and "Jumper." Mr. Young is the author, among other volumes, of "American Minority Peoples."

AN EXHIBIT OF STRIKING OILS AND WATERCOLORS by Henry Sugimoto is being featured by the Council at the American Common during December. Born and educated in California, Mr. Sugimoto is showing paintings done in California, France and Mexico, as well as scenes in the War Relocation Centers in Arkansas.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE FILIPINOS—EXCLUSION AND NATURALIZATION

PRESIDENT TRUMAN's statement on October 3 that he would not consider advancing the date for proclaiming the independence of the Philippines before July 4, 1946, again focuses public attention on the legal status of the Filipinos.

The Filipinos present a peculiar problem in American constitutional law. While the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands have been incorporated within the territory of the United States, so that the citizens of these territories are also citizens of the United States, the Philippine Islands are only a possession of the United States. The citizens of the Philippine Islands owe allegiance to the United States and are subject to the laws of Congress passed for their governance, but they are not citizens of the United States, nor are they, generally, aliens. They are usually referred to as "nationals" of the United States, which is a twilight zone between citizenship and alienage.

When the immigration quota law was being considered by Congress in 1924, the West Coast urged that Filipinos be excluded together with the Japanese, but the act as passed contained no restriction on their entry. In 1928 and 1929 bills were offered in Congress, with the support of labor, to bar Filipinos. The bills were said to be unconstitutional; it was also argued that it would be unfair to bar citizens of a country controlled by the United States. The bills did not pass.

Just as Filipinos could come in freely, so could articles come in from the Philippine Islands duty-free. It became a ques-

tion, therefore, of permitting Filipino persons and goods to come in without restriction, or giving the islands their political independence. If the islands were given independence, it would mean that Filipinos would be automatically excluded from the United States just as by the 1917 act, which set up a barred zone, the door has been closed against virtually all Asiatic immigration. The islands would then be in the same position as India, Siam, Indo-China, Java, New Borneo, New Guinea, Ceylon, and other places.

In 1934 the matter was resolved by the passage of the Philippine Independence Act. "It was framed," Professor Maurice Davie of Yale has said, "out of commercial motives, and not at all in the altruistic spirit of giving liberty and independence to the Philippines." Independence was to be effected in 1944 (later postponed, because of the war, to 1946), and during the ten-year waiting period, before independence was to mature, the Filipinos were granted an annual immigration quota of fifty persons. After independence will be achieved, Filipinos will be barred altogether because, like the Japanese, they are ineligible to citizenship.

The question of eligibility to citizenship through naturalization takes us back to a statute of 1790. This act set up a uniform naturalization law, granting the right to citizenship to all free white aliens. The act was amended in 1870, in order to permit Negroes to qualify for naturalization. This has been the only significant change in the law in over 150 years. The

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Chinese exclusion laws provided expressly that Chinese aliens shall not be admitted to American citizenship (this law was changed in 1943); apart from the Congressional acts affecting only the Chinese, other races have been held not qualified by judicial interpretation.

Members of the Malayan and Mongolian races had generally been conceded the right of naturalization by lower courts; but in 1922 the question came before the Supreme Court. In the *Ozawa* case the applicant for citizenship papers was a person of the Japanese "race" who was born in Japan. He had lived here for twenty years and it was admitted that he possessed all legal qualifications. The only question was if he was ineligible by reason of his race. The court unanimously held that the applicant was ineligible. *Ozawa*, said the court, was not a white person or a Negro.

Ozawa was represented by George W. Wickersham, a famous lawyer. Wickersham argued that the words in the statute should be restricted to the meaning they had in the minds of the original framers in 1790, and that they were then employed to exclude only Negroes and Indians. The court did not agree. An applicant, it was held, must establish that he comes within a class of persons of whom Congress did think when the law was passed; it is not enough to show that Congress did not consider him at all one way or the other; for naturalization is a privilege, not a right; and he who claims the privilege must prove that it was meant for him. In other words, an applicant for naturalization must establish to the satisfaction of the court that Congress intended to extend to him the right to become a citizen. If Congress had no intention one way or the other as to Japanese aliens, they are ineligible.

It was also held that the phrase "free white person" in the act imports a racial,

as distinguished from a color, test; for color is an uncertain test because of the many gradations in shade. The statutory phrase meant membership in the Caucasian race.

Shortly after this case, the Supreme Court considered the *Thind* case, in which an alien from India applied for citizenship. In this case the court shifted its ground. *Thind* may be a member of the Caucasian race, but he is not white; so, said the court, he is not eligible. The test became, not race, but color. And the color test is not one to be applied by scientists; but by common people: he is white whom people generally regard as white. Hindus are not generally considered white; they are not, therefore, within the statute permitting naturalization.

The court has never been called upon to pass directly on the question of the eligibility of Filipinos, but by way of *obiter dictum* the court has said that they are ineligible. They are ineligible at the present time for an odd reason: the naturalization act applies only to aliens; Filipinos are not aliens but "nationals" of the United States; they are, therefore, ineligible.

After the Philippine Islands win their independence, Filipinos in the United States will be aliens, in so far as the naturalization act is concerned, but they will not be white persons, and so their ineligibility will continue.

While Filipinos are not aliens for naturalization purposes, they are aliens in so far as the Alien Registration Act is concerned. A federal district court in 1944 had before it an indictment for failure to register. The defendant claimed that he was not an alien because he was a native-born Filipino resident in the United States. It was held that the act required him to be finger-printed and registered.

Although Filipinos are only nationals of the United States and not entitled to the

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rights of citizens, in international law they are entitled to all the protection accorded to United States citizens. The situation is certainly anomalous from every point of view.

Independence of the islands will, as we have pointed out, mean the exclusion of Filipinos from our shores, and their ineligibility for citizenship. Were they to be

given a quota under the 1924 act, and thus treated on a basis of equality with European nations, only about one hundred of them would be subject to admission annually. Congress should enact a law to give the islands a quota and to make Filipinos eligible for citizenship. Anything short of this is a flagrant injustice and indignity.

• Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

VARIOUS persons have asked why this column does not bear a different title. Someone has suggested calling it "Race Relations in the Classroom." Another likes "Education for Democratic Living." Still another recommends holding on to "Intercultural Education."

The difficulty is that most of us are not exactly clear as to the field of activity being considered here, or the term which best describes it. "Race Relations in the Classroom" is not adequate for the same reasons that "Race Relations" is not adequate. In either case, the phrase, "Race Relations," seems to suggest that relations between human beings as members of races are separate and categorically distinct from relations between the same human beings as human beings; that there are, as it were, different problems requiring approaches and solutions which are different in kind.

This sort of thinking means, at least tacitly, giving in to the thinking of the enemy. The Bilbos and Rankins would like nothing better—well, almost nothing better—than that we should fall in with their propaganda about "Race Relations" being in a category by itself, something unique and therefore blandly impervious

to the ineffectual popping of anthropologists, sociologists, and psychologists.

To go a bit higher, Donald Davidson—in an essay, "Preface to Decision," in *The Sewanee Review* for Summer, 1945—describes the "bi-racial system" of the South as expressing "the principle upon which the South has always insisted, implicitly or directly: that the Negro problem is a separate and special problem, to be dealt with upon a separate and special basis, and that it throws all problems and all questions into confusion when its special nature is concealed or ignored." (By the way, this article can be guaranteed to offer a semantic field day to any perceptive reader. It is an unusually interesting instance of the anti-logical and anti-scientific extremes to which a subtle and poetic mind can be led in order to justify the "bi-racial system.")

The intelligent approach would be to point up the common ground, here as elsewhere. Just as we expect the stirring concept, "eminent dignity of personality," to cover all the possible phases or types of personality, regardless of race, religion, national origin, or socio-economic status, we ought to insist on a similar comprehensiveness with respect to "human rela-

tions." We are in need of remembering, when we read in the papers about management-labor or employer-employee relations, that in reality these are relations not between abstractions but between human beings, some of whom happen to be employers and others of whom happen to be laborers. So, too, with such comfortable abstractions as "Negro-white relations" or "race relations." What we are really talking about is human beings, some of whom happen to be more or less validly subsumed under the convenient abstraction "Negro," and others of whom happen to be similarly subsumed under "white." The human being is the constant, the common element; all other factors are more or less relevant, more or less important aspects under which to consider a human being or human beings in relation to each other. All this is incidentally very much like the suggestion which Margaret Mead has made so admirably in various places about using emotion-provoking labels designating group differentiations as adjectives rather than nouns, and using as nouns the words that mean human being; e.g., *Jewish women, Catholic educators, Negro soldiers*—or better, selecting nouns which not only mean human being but point up the common denominator, such as *Jewish Americans, Catholic Americans, Negro Americans*.

The term, "Intercultural Education," has much the same defect as "Race Relations"—implying that sound and thorough education for young human beings as members of culture groups will differ in kind from sound and thorough education for young human beings as such. Actually, if there is any difference at all, it is likely to be in emphasis. Moreover, "intercultural" throws the average person off because it suggests a high-brow connection with "culchah"; and "education" in turn suggests to most people a program restricted to the classroom or to curriculum

revision. Neither inference is justified.

What is needed—and it has not yet been found—is a term to describe a program of education which does at least the following: concerns itself with activating and vitalizing the positive potentialities of every type of human being and of human relations; mobilizes all the positive resources of the community to promote a maximum of understanding and co-operation; works with youngsters through a school program enriched by the systematic integration into every level and phase of the curriculum, of "intercultural" materials which stress both the homogeneous and heterogeneous factors in our pluralistic society, and by the constructive utilization of all contacts outside of the classroom; prepares teachers by pre-service and in-service training and intelligent planning of teacher-administration and teacher-pupil contacts; prepares parents and community by a smoothly interlocking program embracing parent-teacher associations, parent-teacher-pupil meetings, church conferences, labor conferences, and institutes.

All this is, of course, "Education for Democratic Living," but then, so is joining the Boy Scouts or directing school discussions on FEPC. The phrase is too vague. This sort of program is more "Education for Complete Living," education which prepares one to appreciate and value all the factors, associations, contacts, which make for complete living through enriched experience. It is full education, the educational equivalent of full employment, utilizing all for the ultimate benefit of all. It is "Intergroup Education" for "Intergroup Living"—except that here again "Intergroup" can mean almost anything; any kind of education is "Intergroup Education," education about human relations, whether Nazi-style or Lincoln-style; and presumably full education is interested as much in inter-individual relations as in intergroup.

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Some readers may recall that historians have had a similar difficulty about agreeing on a suitable name for the war which has just ended. Part of the difficulty may have resulted from the fact that the nature and issues of the war never received, have not yet received, their final clarification or precise statement. The same problem may be present here. So, for want of better, workers in the field will use such terms as "intercultural education," "interracial education," "intergroup education." And for all their vagueness and inadequacy, the terms will find their way into this column, too.

Recently, the National Commission for the Defense of Democracy Through Education published a series of recommendations on "Education for Tolerance," and gave them national distribution among teachers and school administrators. Because the Commission is an offshoot of the National Education Association, these recommendations have a kind of official status and a more than ordinary importance. They are therefore given here in full:

"1. Every American must understand that the continuance of our democracy during the postwar period may depend upon providing a fair deal and equality of opportunity for each citizen irrespective of his race, religion, occupation, economic condition, or national origin. The schools, the press, the pulpit, the radio, and every other means of education must be enlisted to extend and strengthen this understanding.

2. In order to preserve and further democracy, we must attempt fully to put into practice such basic attitudes as 'all men are created equal,' 'love thy neighbor as thyself,' and 'the brotherhood of man.'

3. Every citizen must be taught to cherish and insist upon, for himself and all

other citizens, the basic rights and liberties, including freedom of speech, freedom of the press, religious liberty, equality of opportunity, and full participation in political action.

4. All of our people must be taught to judge individuals by their actions, ability, and worth, and not by qualities attributed to the groups to which they may belong by the accident of birth or environment.

5. It is of fundamental national importance that there shall be no discrimination against any minority group because of race, creed, or economic status. It is also important that members of minority groups understand and have consideration for the rights, liberties, and attitudes of other groups.

6. Deep-seated prejudices frequently originate in early childhood and often become fixed during adolescence. Training and practice for tolerance should begin with the kindergarten and continue through the university.

7. In every school, programs should be effectively presented to develop sympathetic understanding of the achievements, viewpoints, difficulties, and adjustments of the various racial, religious, and occupational groups that make up our society. But this is not enough. It is even more important that tolerance be practiced by students and faculty in the daily life of the school and the community. Each school should develop a program for tolerance in the light of local conditions and needs.

8. In the teaching and practice of tolerance teachers must be supported by public opinion and protected against intolerant individuals and groups."

A development of these recommendations is a questionnaire projected by Dr. Frank W. Hubbard, Director of the NEA Research Division, and Dr. Donald Du Shane, Executive Secretary of the NEA

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Commission for the Defense of Democracy. The covering letter points out the "urgent demand for descriptive materials on the building of wholesome group attitudes and behavior," and the intention of the questionnaire "to discover outstanding examples which through later reports can be made available to all school systems."

The questionnaire, which is entitled "Education for Tolerance," is very simple—perhaps wisely so—consisting of only two questions:

"1. Should public elementary- and secondary-school programs *deliberately* and *systematically* build attitudes and understandings necessary to improve racial and group tolerance? (Check ONE)

YES..... NO.....

2. In which of the following respects do you believe that your school system is contributing with *special effectiveness* to the building of tolerance?

(Check or write in)

-Curriculum outlines and units
-Special devices (e.g., films)
-Attitudes of teachers
-In-service training of teachers
-Attitudes of students
-School-community relationships
-Activities of schoolboard
-Community programs
-Extracurricular activities
-Other (write in)"

How would your school system make out with the questionnaire? There are quite a few which would do rather well. And then there are others.

Needless to say, in any program of intercultural education, it is very important that there be official co-operation and approval by the administrative heads of the school system. With this in mind a committee of teachers and educational personnel in Wilmington, Delaware, recent-

ly submitted the findings of a year-long survey to Dr. W. H. Lemmel, Superintendent of Schools.

The report found various problems existing in the schools—the usual ones: an "intolerant attitude" on the part of teachers, principals, and pupils toward "minority groups"; that this attitude is based on "gross misconceptions and false information" and results in unwarranted generalizations about minority group traits; that anti-minority prejudices of parents are transmitted to their children.

In general, the report suggests that there be systematic study of the composition and contributions of all groups—racial, religious, and ethnic; that opportunities be provided to bring members of these groups together through class, school, and community activities; that a study be made of the "problem of coordinating the work of the various community organizations interested in promoting better intercultural education."

More particularly, the report recommends that Superintendent Lemmel call the principals and supervisors together for a meeting on intercultural relations. It is further suggested that the co-operation of teachers' organizations and student councils be enlisted, and that some capable teachers interested in the field "be released from their regular work and given time to introduce into the curriculum through various subjects and at all grade levels" materials promoting intercultural relations.

These are all to the good, especially if they lead to concrete action.

Mr. Shapiro and CG will be delighted to have reports from any school system about experiments or projects in the field of intergroup education which might be incorporated into this department.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

A HOUSE DIVIDED?

ONE NATION. By Wallace Stegner and the Editors of *Look*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 340 pp. \$3.75

Eight minorities surveyed in this volume by Wallace Stegner have been involved in group antagonisms in the United States that would exclude them from full respect as individuals and from equal rights as citizens. Since these divisive influences still persist, better understanding on the part of the public is an urgent need. To spread first-hand knowledge of the situation, gained by personal visits to the centers of disaffection, is the purpose of this book. More than 300 fine photographs supplement the text, often revealing what words cannot. Mr. Stegner's report is terse and incisive, giving us a better estimate of the character of these Americans as individuals and a clearer notion of the prejudice that has warped our judgment in the past. We meet honest, hard-working Filipino Americans, feel more friendly toward them; sense the integrity and fine spirit of Japanese Americans; gain a fair view of the pachucos of Mexican background, victims of social ostracism and civic neglect; understand the case of the Hispanos, old-stock Spanish of New Mexico; see our Chinese Americans in a historic perspective; revalue the Indian as he responds to a policy that gives him back his self-respect; learn how a vicious prejudice started the Negro down a spiral of social change and how the process may be reversed; discount as baseless the supposed "Catholic menace," and note that "disagreement [between faiths] is not prejudice"; look into the psychosis known as anti-Semitism and single out the myths

of which it is compounded. This fine survey of eight flagrant forms of prejudice should aid in combatting every other form of group antagonism that thrives on ignorance and misunderstanding.

Milton Steinberg's *A Partisan Guide to the Jewish Problem* (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3) is, in our view, the clearest analysis to date of a problem that has vexed the Western world for many centuries—convincing because it traces through those centuries the pretexts successively found for persecuting the Jews, then discarded. The real cause now resolves itself into the fact of Jewishness, from which there is no escape by appeasement, adjustment, or polite behavior. The author accepts this fact, counsels against any attempt at "assimilation," defines the Jews as a religion, a people, and a civilization. As such, he contends, they should preserve their essential character and win respect for it by a nation-wide program of social education. He values the Zionist program as a demonstration of what Jews can do in the way of economic, scientific, and social accomplishment when rid of the restraints that shackle them in other lands. Respect for the author's wide scholarship, poise, and penetration increases as one reads. Rabbi Steinberg has written an inspirational and highly informative book.

Black Metropolis: A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (Harcourt, Brace. \$5), based upon years of research, is written not for researchers but for every one who wants to know the facts about Negro-white relations as they develop under urban conditions where no set patterns of prejudice existed before a given

mass migration. Chicago befriended the Negro as a fugitive slave, welcomed him as a freeman, kept him happy till his scores of thousands of sudden migrants crowded white districts. Then the narrow Black Belt would no longer hold them, yet in they poured. Despite bombings and brutalities, the district spread and grew to be Black Metropolis, the second largest Negro city in the world, a city within a city. This is its story and a history of Chicago's dealing with the color line, segregation, jobs for Negroes, politics, business, the professions, social attitudes, and every other aspect of a situation that has come about by no man's design. The Black Ghetto breeds terrific disorganization, disease, and crime; and no effective remedial measures are being backed by Chicago as a whole. Indeed, the authors admit, forces in no sense local will, in the final analysis, determine the movement of this drama of human relations toward hope or tragedy. Richard Wright, in his fine and powerful Introduction to the volume, writes of a fatal division in the heart of America, a war of impulses that often makes her impotent to act before it is too late. He says of the authors, Drake and Cayton, "in writing this definitive study of Negro urbanization, they were conscious of the overall American problem"; and he adds, "What spurred the authors to this task was a conviction on their part that there existed a meaning in Negro life that whites do not see and do not want to see."

Primer for White Folks, edited by Bucklin Moon (Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50), impresses elementary truths which leave us aghast at the renewed discovery that so large a part of our population ignores them. Whether this section of America can best be reached by historic reportage (under *Heritage*, in this anthology), by stories revealing white and black behaviors (*Black and White Mores*), or by discussions by distinguished liberals, is a question waived, since the editor includes all of them. This reviewer finds the third group, *Today and Tomorrow*, most stingingly effective, for it confronts the reader with the sober fact that if he wants the Negro problem (or, better phrased, the white man's problem) solved, he must help solve it.

In *Riots and Ruins* (Richard R. Smith. \$2), A. Clayton Powell, Sr. writes: "The Negro has been surveyed and investigated to death." What the Negro needs is an equal opportunity—whatever the Constitution, or custom, gives the white man. The same chance. Give him this and the race problem will be solved. "Investigation is an excuse for delaying action." As the pastor who built up the membership of his church to fourteen thousand—largest Protestant congregation in the country—the man who reclaimed fifty leaders of young criminal gangs in Harlem, now good citizens in decent walks of life, an author who hands the straight truth to white men and Negro alike, Dr. Powell is worth listening to.

THEY STRIVE TOWARD FREEDOM THE WORLD OVER

The movement toward freedom is everywhere, but the obstacles are great. How great they are in Latin America we learn dismayingly from Roland Hall Sharp's

South America Uncensored (Longmans, Green. \$3.50). Followed by surveillance wherever he journeyed—110,000 miles in all, since 1937—even in the farther

reaches of the Amazon basin, he found his reports barred and his presence unwelcome. No reason for this will appear from a reading of his book, except that where the press was muzzled and where demonstrations, either by word or action in favor of democratic freedom, were penalized, he tells what he saw.

Nine South American republics are covered in *What the South Americans Think of Us*, a symposium by four distinguished experts (McBride. \$3). The writers are concerned with promoting harmony and co-operation rather than in exposing weaknesses. From this angle, it matters more what these republics think of us than what we think of them. Thus Bryce Oliver defines Vargas' notion of economic democracy in a way that may temper our criticism of his policies. Carleton Beals finds in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia much skepticism as to the sincerity of our democratic professions. Samuel Guy Inman finds the same thing true in Chile, while in Argentina representatives of American oil interests brazenly assert that the corporations are our government: no help there for the people's struggle. Only in Venezuela and Colombia does Herschel Brickell find a clear notion of individual liberty and dignity as a goal: in the former, this dates from Bolivar; in the latter, from a sound democratic tradition of forty years.

Spain, whose struggle for a people's government has been so tragic, still goes unsupported by the democracies who might have done most for her. *Smouldering Freedom*, Isabel de Palencia calls her story of that struggle (Longmans, Green. \$3). Mexico has been the haven for Spanish leaders in exile and this is mainly their story.

Writing *Europe in Revolution* (Houghton Mifflin. \$3), John Scott sees all Europe moving—here violently, there peacefully—toward some form of collectivism

not yet determined. Even the Russian form is subject to modification. The suicidal German conflict, he believes, speeded the movement by breaking up the centers of opposition and dissipating their resources.

Heinrich Hauser in *The German Talks Back* (Holt. \$2.50) asserts the same for Germany in the name of Prussianism, which he describes as "indestructible and eternal—as long as soldierly and monastic virtues stay alive in this world." And the Prussianized Germany that will arise from war's ruin, he asserts, will mate with Russia if only to throw off the yoke of the Western democracies. The publishers, after grave deliberation and many readings, print this defiant book because it shows how the Germans—a great part of them—feel toward us and our democracy. They envy our wealth, detest our manners and our movies, loathe our brand of democracy: this from a non-Nazi who left for safety in 1939 and has enjoyed protection in America to date. Communism, he believes, is almost unavoidable. "The spirit of Prussia implies militant socialism . . . we Germans must, in the long run, return to that." Since some of Mr. Hauser's conclusions are derived from political metaphysics and many of his historical references are misleading, footnotes by an authority in political science appear where needed.

Is there any hope of a different attitude in Germany's late ally, Japan? Let Andrew Roth, author of *Dilemma in Japan* (Little, Brown. \$2.50) and a thorough student of his subject, answer. He finds a core of conscious democrats and genuine anti-militarists among four groups: small business men, professional men, industrial workers, and peasants. Besides these, he reports the brilliant and heroic work of two Japanese anti-fascists who devoted the war years to work behind Chinese lines, converting prisoners of war—and

spies, even—from Japan, who in turn converted others. Roth stresses the need of agrarian reform as the first step, most crucially urgent; then recognition of the strongly democratic impulse in labor, repressed hitherto by jailings, beatings, and torture under the brutal rule of the militarist, feudalist, and mercantilist combine. His is an exhaustive, scholarly study of Japan—economic, feudal, military—and of measures for reform of all three.

Willard Price holds a people's revolution possible and in *Japan and the Son of Heaven* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$2.75) supports that contention ably—but only with the proviso that the emperor must

go first and the imperial myth be destroyed utterly. Among many clarifying statements, note this: "The proposition is not to foist upon Japan something of our own (self-government) but to help the Japanese realize the common aspiration of mankind." In truth the emperor-myth, with Shinto and superstition, along with blind obedience to rulers, were all foisted upon the people in order to exploit them to the full. Based on long contact and observation, here is an excellent handbook for understanding the oblique and conditioned psychology of the inhabitants of Japan.

LIVES OF AMERICANS—IN BRIEF REVIEW

Saints and Strangers, by George F. Willison (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$3.75). The saga of Plymouth Rock, cleared of myth and legend, showing the Pilgrims ("Saints") as they were, in a factual account based on Bradford's own story and other basic sources.

Tom Paine, America's Godfather, by W. E. Woodward (Dutton. \$3.50). A defense; prejudice refuted by facts. But this author has always made of his facts a fascinating narrative and does so here again.

Diplomat in Carpet Slippers, by Jay Monaghan (Bobbs-Merrill. \$4). A country lawyer, (Abe Lincoln) elected President, with a war on his hands that is going very badly, finds himself forced to cope with foreign diplomacy involving the threat of intervention by France and England to end the war and destroy the Union. Light is flashed on obscure matters in a narrative both convincing and revealing.

Woodrow Wilson and the People, by H. C. F. Bell (Doubleday, Doran. \$3).

"He did little to dispel the popular impression concerning his coldness and austerity," Dr. Bell writes . . . and devotes his book to proving that behind that austere front there was a passionate devotion to the people, and that he preached—and practiced—a gospel of service to their interests. That he was a martyr to that gospel is shown in *Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal*, by Thomas A. Bailey (Macmillan. \$3.50), who writes, "The genius of a Sophocles or a Shakespeare never created a tragedy more poignant than that of Woodrow Wilson." The results of that betrayal, as told here, included a well-paved path for Hitler.

We Have Tomorrow, by Arna Bon-temps (Houghton Mifflin. \$2), with photographic illustrations by Marion Palfi, tells in a series of extremely well-written life-sketches of twelve of the younger Negro Americans who have overcome the handicap of color and won through to a satisfying human success in some field hitherto believed closed to them. Each

makes a stirring and a heartening narrative, for it proves that no towering genius or unapproachable gift is needed for suc-

cess. The one great requisite seems to be the ability to make of every failure a spur to further effort.

EDUCATION IN DEMOCRATIC LIVING

The Springfield Plan, a Photographic Record, by Alexander Alland and James Waterman Wise (Viking. \$2.50), is a swift, vivid introduction to the now famous project launched five years ago in the Springfield, Massachusetts, schools, dedicated to the proposition that democracy is people—living together as equals. It can be described as education in democratic living. A brief, incisive text gives the history of the plan, explains the workings, and supplements the admirable photographs.

For a more complete analysis of the methods used in classrooms, the organization and duties of students outside of class routine, the selection of teachers (including Negroes) in schools of mixed enrollment, with resulting benefits and lessened tensions and no untoward consequences, turn to *The Story of the Springfield Plan*, by Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan (Barnes & Noble. \$2.75). The subtitle of the book describes it: "One Community's War Against Prejudice," for such it has been from the start, with Jews, Catholics, Protestants assisting in the design and acting on directive committees. The sponsors and promoters of the Springfield Plan have never sought publicity—avoided it, rather—but the results have been striking—remedial of group antagonisms and formative of right attitudes among the young in whose hands lies the future—and the public, increasingly alert to the dangers of prejudice, has insisted on hearing the story. Here is a working model of

the reform in education most urgently needed, that makes it an education for living.

In line with the preceding is the venture described by Theodore Brameld in *Design for America* (Hinds, Hayden, & Eldredge. \$2). It took the form of a special course planned by the State University and taken by fifty boys and girls at the High School in Floodwood, Minnesota. This small town is largely of Finnish stock. The stress was on planning for America's future; the method was by research, reading, group-work and reports to class and community. The course was too comprehensive for the time allotted, but it succeeded in impressing the students with the fact that they themselves must decide what they want the future to be, in terms of democracy. Faults as well as merits in the project, as carried out, are discussed here.

Democracy's Children, by Ethel M. Duncan (Hinds, Hayden, & Eldredge. \$2), is a descriptive report of practical techniques and classroom procedures used by the author in fifth-grade groups for bridging the gap between diverse cultures. Sponsored by Dr. Rachel Davis Dubois, who writes the introduction, the book serves as a guide for intercultural education at that level.

In *All Brave Sailors*, by John Beecher (L. B. Fischer. \$2.50), we find vivid proof that education for democracy is not confined to the schools. Mr. Beecher's book is the story of the SS *Booker T. Washington*, sent out by the U.S. Mer-

chant Marine under a Negro commander and with officers and seamen of many national backgrounds, white and colored, all volunteers for this service, and all working together in complete harmony, mutual respect, and understanding. "Whatever port we touched," says the narrator, "we shook men to their foundations." Not by preaching, but by the behavior of the men on shore—a living proof that what everyone had said couldn't be done was being done. There were white men born and bred in the South even who took orders from Negro officers. John Beecher, as Purser on this ship, was one of them. His account in Chapter 4 of how he came to be there harks back to childhood days in Birmingham, Alabama, where he saw the treatment of Negroes in the steel mills, and to 1934 when as relief administrator in a Southern city he saw indignities heaped on men and women because of color. These things were burned into him. The story of the ship is mainly that of the men who manned it, one of whom, a quiet Negro from Brazil, summed it all up as "the happiest place" he had ever been in all the fifty years of his life—"all

the world should be like our ship some day."

In *Twice A Year*—a double number, XII-XIII (Twice A Year Press. \$2)—we find an account by A. Ritchie Low, "Sermons Are Not Enough," of the minister-author's daring venture in practicing what he had preached. He brought seventy-five children from Negro families in Harlem to the homes of friendly Vermonters, for a summer visit of a fortnight which was a flawless success. *Twice A Year* prints many other documents, articles, letters, stories, and poems on the struggle for freedom and against discrimination.

Carlos P. Romulo, arriving here soon after Bataan, found a degree of apathy on the part of Americans toward Filipinos and the part played by them in that heroic struggle—apathy which he later ascribed to inadequate news reports. In *My Brother Americans* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50), he tells how he brought home to us the truth about the Filipinos, the extent of their sacrifices, and their deep faith in America, and how he found warm response in the folk of 400 cities where he lectured. His book wins a like response.

FICTION TANGLES WITH OUR PROBLEMS

In Grace Tomkinson's *Her Own People* (Ives Washburn. \$2.50), two ways of life clash, the English and the French-Canadian. The French-Canadians come out best in the encounter, for we see into the heart of their folk-life in a fishing village at the Cape, and find it wholesome and innocent. On the other side we find hauteur among the women, and a willingness among the men to prey on that innocence which France may have forgotten but its ancient colony protects.

My Felicia, by Paul Driscoll (Macmillan. \$2.50), brings us swiftly into the life of Felicia Zielinski and the lives of her circle, Polish immigrants and mill workers, and the mill-owning class. The clash here is not between ways of life but against frozen attitudes: snobbishness in the owning family, pride in the workers. Young lovers flout both. A frank novel, Driscoll's first, with nothing amateurish about it; distinctly for a new generation that thinks straight.

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REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

OF COMMON GROUND, published quarterly at New
York 3, New York, for October 1, 1945.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and
county aforesaid, personally appeared M. Margaret
Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to
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the best of her knowledge and belief, a true state-
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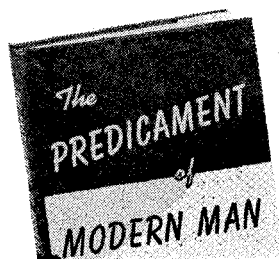
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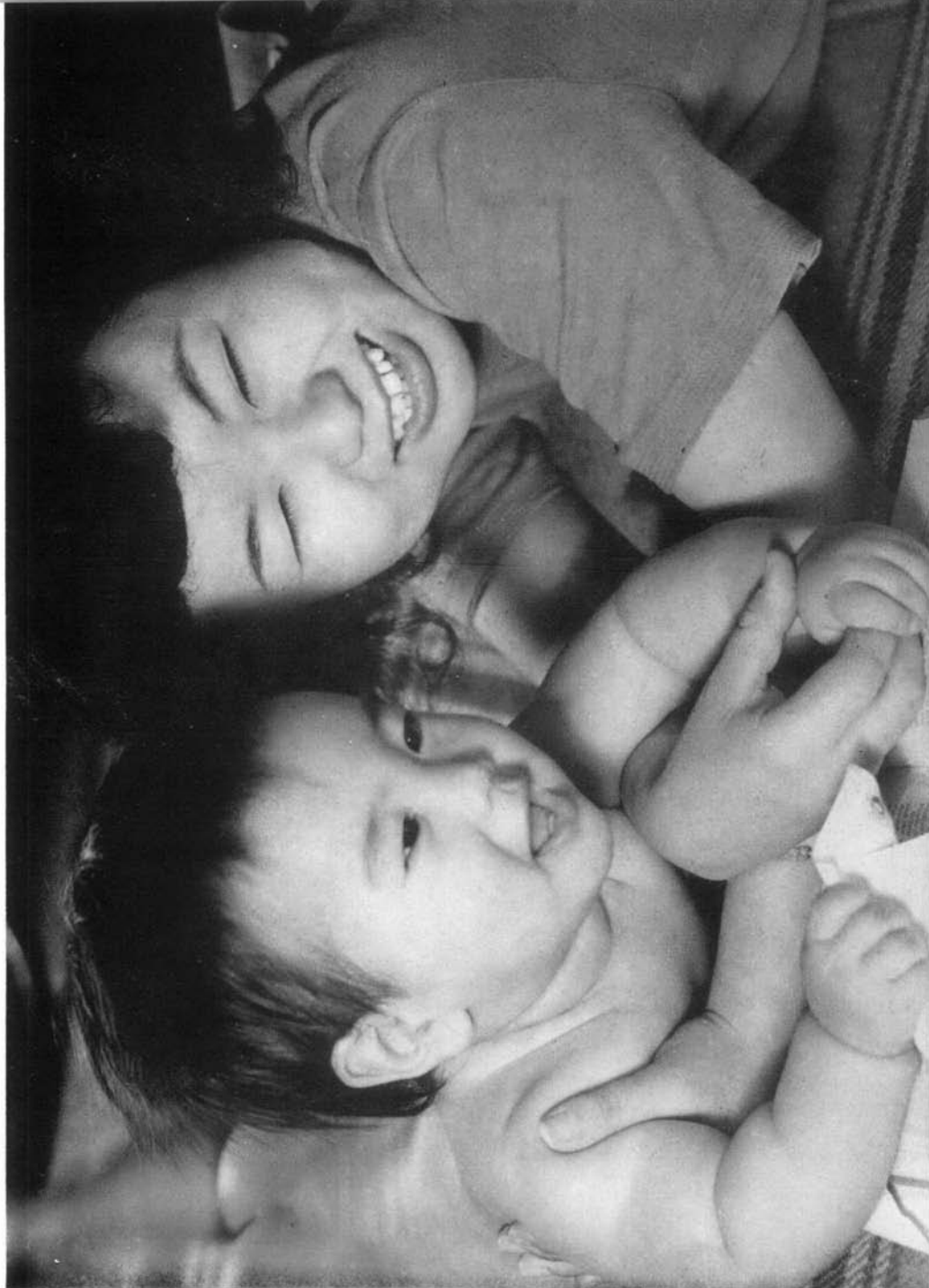
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